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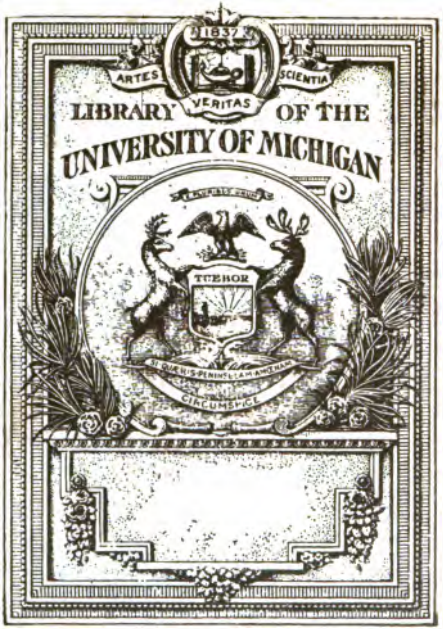

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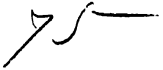

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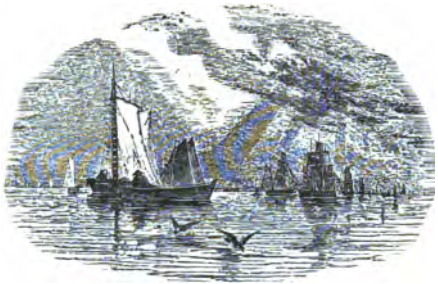

UNTO

THE DESIRED HAVEN,

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

Compiled by the Editor of

"THE CHANGED CROSS;" "THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK;" "THE CHAMBER OF PEACE," ETC.

Randolph, Anson Davies Fitz, comp.
1820 - 1876

NEW YORK:
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,
900 BROADWAY, COR. 20th STREET.
1880.

Mrs. Eliz. Rathbone
1-6-1923

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EDWARD O. JENKINS' PRINT,
20 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

ROBERT RUTTER, BINDER,
84 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

The Selections in this volume have been chiefly made from the religious newspaper and magazine. The compiler has sought to avoid the reproduction of poems already embraced in "The Changed Cross," "The Shadow of the Rock," "The Chamber of Peace," and in other similar collections. The names of the writers have been given so far as they could be ascertained.

October, 1879.

414351

UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN,

AND OTHER

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

Unto the Desired Haven.

Psalm cvii.

WHAT matter how the winds may blow
Or blow they east, or blow they west
What reck I how the tides may flow,
Since ebb or flood alike is best.
No summer calm, no winter gale,
Impedes or drives me from my way;
I steadfast toward the Haven sail
That lies, perhaps, not far away.

I mind the weary days of old,
When motionless I seemed to lie;
The nights when fierce the billows rolled,
And changed my course, I knew not why.
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,
Foreboding danger and delay,
Forgetting I was thus to sail
To reach what seemed so far away.

I measure not the loss and fret
Which through those years of doubt I bore;
I keep the memory fresh, and yet
Would hold God's patient mercy more.

What wrecks have passed me in the gale,
  What ships gone down on summer-day;
While I, with furled or spreading sail,
  Stood for the Haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow,
  Since fair or foul alike is best;
God holds them in His hand, I know,
  And I may leave to Him the rest,
Assured that neither calm nor gale
  Can bring me danger or delay,
As I still toward the Haven sail
  That lies, I know, not far away.

My Heirship.

LITTLE store of wealth have I;
  Not a rood of land I own;
Nor a mansion fair and high,
  Built with towers of fretted stone.

Stocks nor bonds, nor title deeds,
  Flocks nor herds have I to show;
When I ride, no Arab steeds
  Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
  Massive plate, nor jewels rare;
'Broidered silks of worth untold,
  Nor rich robes a queen might wear.

In my garden's narrow bound
Flaunt no costly tropic blooms,
Ladening all the air around
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir by grace of God—
Richer, grander, than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.

Heir of all the Ages, I—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its luster on my way;
All their labors, all their prayers
Sanctify this present day!

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears—
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To earth's fainting sons hath given!

Aspirations pure and high—
Strength to do and to endure—
Heir of all the Ages, I—
Lo! I am no longer poor!

Hindmost with the Standards.

"*They shall go hindmost with their standards.*"—Num. ii. 3.

WHAT though the hindmost place is thine,
And thou art in the rear?
This need not cause thy heart a pang,
Nor cost thine eye a tear.
The post of duty is the place
Where oft the Captain shows His face.

All can not charge or lead the van,
All can be brave and true;
And where the Captain's standards wave
There's work for all to do;
And work from which thou may'st not flee,
Which must be done, and done by thee.

Among the stragglers, faint and few,
Thou dost thy march pursue;
This need not make thy heart to droop,
The weak may yet be true;
Through many a dark and stormy day
The Captain thus holds on His way.

What though no shout of victory comes
To greet thy listening ear?
Nor voice of friends, nor martial songs
Like wine thy spirit cheer?
Oh, let not sense thy faith betray,
For they are best who best obey!

What though no foeman feel thy steel
  Where fame is to be won?
Yet thou canst lend a loving hand
  To help the wounded on;
Contentment, too, will spread her feast;
Who would be great must serve the least.

And when the Captain comes to greet
  And bring His army cheer,
Not only will He praise the van,
  But smile upon the rear;
And all who make His work their choice
Shall see His face and hear His voice.

Lord, from success, its noise and glare,
  And often shallow life,
Guide me to where thy soldiers lie,
  Faint, wounded in the strife;
Give me a brother's heart, I pray,
To watch and help the weak to-day!

The Porcelain Cup.

WHO watched the artist paint a porcelain cup,
  Did wonder, when he gathered brushes up
    And said: "My task is done,"
      That on the toy's fine rim
      A border black and grim
Contrasted hatefully with gentle tint
Of pink and azure, blonde and beryl hint,
    And mocked those threads of sun
      That made the cup a prize
      To ravish royal eyes

"Why leave this scowl of black?" one dared inquire.
The artist answered: "Clay must taste the fire,
And by that test be tried."
Snatched from its furnace-heat,
Transfigured and complete,
The dazzling gift comes crowned with aureole gleam,
Its black all changed to gold! "So"—like a dream
Heart said to heart that sighed—
"Grief may be joy at last,
When Life's fierce test is past."

Strength for To-Day.

STRENGTH for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With is measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And watch and wait for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day! what a precious boon
For the earnest souls who labor;
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for to-day! that the weary hearts,
In the battle for right, may quail not;
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears,
In their search for light, may fail not.

Strength for to-day, on the down-hill track,
For the travelers near the valley,
That up, far up, the other side,
Ere long, they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build, from the rise to the set of the sun,
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day, in house and home,
To practice forbearance, sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

The Light of Light.

THE morning breaks, the shadows flee,
The gracious skies are clear and bright;
O Light of Light, we turn to Thee,
Without Thy beams it still were night!

The midday sun may cloudless shine,
And all our way seem smooth and fair;
There are no rays save only Thine
Can show the quicksand or the snare.

But when the storms of sorrow beat,
And darkness falls, and joy takes flight,
Thy presence is a sure retreat,
And in our dwelling there is light.

O Jesus, fount of joy and grace,
That light on all our darkness pour,
Until beyond these nights and days,
We dwell in light forevermore!

April.

THE April days have come; the south winds blow
In homestead trees, at morn, the robin sings;
Swift through the softened air the swallows go
With warmth upon their wings.

O'er all the vales the quickening sunshine gleams;
The timid violet's purple leaves unfold;
And on the banks of swollen meadow-streams
The cowslip spreads its gold.

With wakeful life the earth's warm pulses stir,
Brown buds unroll bright banners on the air,
And countless fairy fingers, dripping myrrh,
The summer's robes prepare.

Impatient soul, weak and complaining still,
Are all thy hopes, slow struggling to the light,
Less worth than these frail buds no frost could kill
Or wind of winter blight?

For if the spring come on with tardy feet,
And snows lock late the germs, we do not fear;
Still, with unfailing faith, our hearts repeat,
"The summer days are near."

The good we hoped to gain has failed us—well,
We do not see the ending; and the boon
May wait us down the ages—who can tell?
And bless us amply soon.

In God's eternal plan, a month, a year,
Is but an hour of some slow April day,
Holding the germs of what we hope and fear
To blossom far away.

And rayless days must come, and nights of mist,
And, after brooding sunshine, dreary showers;
Chill dews delay the buds the zephyrs kissed,
And, late, bloom fairer flowers.

We pray for growth and strength; grief's dreaded showers
May be, in God's wise purpose, ripening rain;
He only knows how all our highest powers
Are perfected in pain.

To trusting souls must truest good increase—
Loss here shall be accounted treasure there—
So we attain to perfectness of peace,
What matter how or where?

Consolator Hominum.

"*Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*"—PSALM lv. 22.

O CAST thy burden on the Lord, and find
Relief in Him for weary heart and mind;

By anxious cares and daily sins oppress,
By troubles vexed and smitten to the dust,
A Heavenly Friend with all life's sorrows trust.
His mighty hand can give thy spirit rest,
For He hath known infirmities like ours,
With keener pains from Satan's direst powers;
And all the griefs He carried once for men,
E'en now His pitying love will freely bear.
O Christ, who canst our inmost feelings scan,
Thy cross the shield from Sinai's awful ban,
The words of old Thy wondrous grace declare,
And laden souls to-day Thy mercy share.

Thou Knowest Best.

IT seems such a woful waste
Of precious talent and time,
To be lying here day after day,
Just in my life's best prime,
With such a weight on my breast,
And such a mist in my brain,
That I little or nothing know
Save that living is only pain;
When I might be doing some work,
Or saying some excellent word,
To hasten Thy kingdom on—
But Thou knowest best, O Lord!

There is so much work to be done,—
So many mouths to be fed,—
So many famishing souls
Crying for living bread,—

So many little ones lost
In by-ways crooked and cold,
To be tenderly sought and led
Into Thy safe, sweet fold;—
Meseems that no willing hand
Rejected should be or ignored
(Not even this poor one of mine)—
But Thou knowest best, O Lord!

Worst of it all, there is need
Of so much labor within,—
Such deep-down rootlets of ill
So subtly spring up into sin;
It would take my very best powers
To crop them fast as they shoot,
And give to the plants of grace
Fair room for blossom and fruit;—
But closer bound with these pains
Than with any chain or cord,
I count my lost days drift by—
But Thou knowest best, O Lord!

Thou knowest best; forasmuch
As Thou only art wholly wise,
Present and future and past
Blend into one in Thine eyes.
That which we miscall waste
May be only Thy mystical seed
Flung wide to make harvest-home rich,
And harvesters blessed indeed;
May be only the wealth of Thy love
On an ignorant world outpoured—
Ah, lavish my days as Thou wilt,
For Thou knowest best, O Lord!

Thy purposes will not fail
  Because of my idleness;
The stars in their courses fight
  For the cause which Thou dost bless;
The angels move at Thy word
  Swifter than light of sun,
And the patient soul works best
  When it prays, "Thy will be done!"
It may be that never again
  I shall march with the plough or sword;—
It may be—no matter! Amen.
  For Thou knowest best, O Lord!

Streams from the Rock.

OFT when of God we ask
  For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task
  Involving care and strife;
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

This is, indeed, the boon,
  Though strange to us it seems,
We pierce the rock, and soon
  The blessing on us streams;
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field
  Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
  Which may be all our own;

And shall we of the toil complain
That speedily will bring us gain?

We dig the wells of life,
And God the water gives;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives;
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

A Hymn of Trust.

NAY, nay, do not tell me that God will not hear me,
I know He is high over all;
But I know just as well that He always is near me,
And never forgets me at all.

He shows not His face, for its glory would blind me,
But I walk on my way unafraid;
Though lost in the desert, He surely would find me,
His angels would come to my aid.

He sits on His throne in the wonderful city,
And I—I am ashes and dust;
Yet I am at rest in His infinite pity,
And I in His promises trust.

He lighted the stars, and they shine in their places,
He maketh the sun like a flame;
But better and brighter to Him are the faces
Of mortals that call on His name.

Nay, nay, do not tell me that, wrapt in His glory,
He hears not my voice when I cry;
He made me, He loves me, He knows all my story,
I shall look on His face by and by.

A Song in the Night.

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand;
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.
I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest
In hush of sweet submission
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need;
That Thou, my Good Physician,
Art working still;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfill.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
What Thou dost choose,
The soul that really loves Thee
Will not refuse.
It is not for the first time
I trust to-day!
For Thee my heart hath never
A trustless "Nay!"

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
But what beside?
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.
In every hour of faintness,
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As Thine own gift,
And true, though tremulous praises
I now uplift.
I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow—
Thou art so near!

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour!
That presseth sore;
The hand that bears the nail-prints
Forevermore.
And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me!

Trust.

MAKE a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Look not thro' the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

Peace.

ERE our dear Saviour spoke the parting word
To those who loved Him best when here below,
While deep emotion every bosom stirred,
He said: "My peace I give you ere I go!"

His Peace—sweet Peace! As falls the summer dew
On drooping flowers, so fell those words of cheer
Upon the earnest hearts that dimly knew
What they, like their dear Lord, must suffer here.

His Peace—Christ's Peace! Oh, gift most rare and strange!
Never was aught so precious given before!
Vain trifler he who would that gift exchange
For all the riches of Golconda's shore!

His Peace—His blessed Peace! Not Joy, the bright,
Bewildering sprite that charmed their early years,
When, with youth's roses crowned, and clad in light,
Her radiant eyes had ne'er been dimmed by tears—

But Peace that walks with Patience, side by side,
Bearing Heaven's seal upon her pale, calm face,
Child of Submission, whatso'er betide,
She wears the white robes of celestial grace.

O Christ! whose human heart remembers still
The pangs from which death only gave release,
Strange griefs, strange fears, our yearning souls must fill,
Withhold what else Thou wilt—but give us Peace!

Beyond it All.

I HEAR a gladsome wind that sings
In budding copse and waving grass;
And on the hill, like living things,
The light cloud-shadows slowly pass;
How soon from forests far away
Will ring the wood-dove's summer call,
And roses open day by day—
But I shall go beyond it all!

Beyond the hopes of life and time;
The songs that end when sunshine dies;
The blooms that wither in their prime;
The passing blush of evening skies;
Beyond the chill of rains that beat
On flowers that fade, and leaves that fall;
Beyond the bitter and the sweet—
Beyond it all, beyond it all!

Beyond the fitful light and shade;
The idols crumbling into dust;
The graves where patient hearts have laid
Their memories of love and trust;

The voices that have changed their tone;
The dreams that fly, the joys that pall;
The grief that only One has known—
Beyond them all, beyond them all!

I thank Thee, Father, for the thought
That all the work of life is done;
The story told, the battle fought,
The rest eternal nearly won.
Thy love has kept me till the end,
My waiting spirit hears Thee call;
Draw near, O never-changing Friend,
And guide me home—beyond it all!

A Thankful Heart.

METHINKS of all the sins that pierce the heart of Christ anew,
And once again in bitterwise bring Calvary to view,
That in those hands and feet again the nail-prints deep impress,
The blackest is the loveless sin of dark unthankfulness.

A grudging soul that counts its sorrows, weighing one by one
The pains it bears, the tears it sheds, the work that it hath done;
That thanks its God, perchance, because it has a patient mind,
And for its crowning grace desires a spirit well resigned.

Resigned! that Christ hath died for thee upon the shameful tree;
Resigned! that still He lives and pleads in heaven's high court for thee;
Resigned! that He hath willed to thee His nature to impart,
And that for thee undying love burns in His human heart!

Or it may be thou art *resigned* to think that thou hast borne
One little splinter from His cross, or from His crown one thorn;
Or that (when contumely pursued thy Master year by year)
Some word of censure of thyself hath fallen on thy ear.

Oh, sin against the love of Christ, of all the sins that are,
Methinks that this in heaven must move the greatest sorrow far;
Must make the soul of Christ to grieve, and angels' eyes grow dim
At sight of all He does for us and the naught we do for Him.

Oh, grudging hearts! for very shame be thankful, if ye may,
That He allows such coward souls to suffer day by day;
That He hath left His cross on earth, nor carried it on high,
That ye, in likeness of His death, may learn of Him to die.

Heart Hymn.

BEAR the burden of the present,
Let the morrow bear its own;
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the coming night bemoan?

If the darkened heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast hope and faith unshaken
Animate the trusting breast;
Step by step the journey's taken
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He talketh
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown;
He to-day and He to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen
Thou shalt lay the burden down.

The Peace of God.

O PEACE of God!—as early beams
Creep o'er the eastern hills, and start
The sparrow from his morning dreams,
So still Thine entrance to the heart.

O peace of God!—the evening air,
That breathes from calm, cloud-gilded west,
Comes not to soothe the hard day's wear,
So sweet as Thou to troubled breast.

O peace of God!—the bud that springs
Through April snows to seek the sun,
No hope of summer gladness brings,
Like Thine of heaven already won.

O peace of God!—in Thee to rest,
Along life's rough and toilsome ways,
Makes daily task a service blest,
And turns the daily prayer to praise.

So Tired.

I AM so tired, my heart and I,
So weary of this weary strife;
Day follows day in changeless toil—
Its very sameness darkens life.

Ah, child! heart-idleness doth make
Thy hands hang heavy at thy side;
Is there no love for whose sweet sake
Thy daily work is glorified?
If not, think what I did for thee,
And serve some soul for love of Me.

Dear God, forgive! I had forgot
The grace, the light, to Thee I owe—
All the rich blessings of my lot—
My fault, my fault, O God, I know!

I am so tired, my heart and I,
So weary of this useless strife;
Why should I spend my strength and gold?
The world wants not eternal life.

Art thou more just than God? Thy fears
Are lost in boundless love and power
My patience claims eternal years—
Canst thou not work and watch one hour?
Dost love me still? Then by my cross.
Count not my tears and blood but loss.

O Christ, forgive! Had I not let
Dishonoring doubt my faith assault.
My work for Thee had blessing met—
My fault, dear Lord! My fault! my fault!

For Christ's Sake.

OH, what shall I give to the Saviour
For what He hath given for me?

I'll give Him the gift of an earnest life,
Of a heart that is loving and free from strife,
As He hath given for me.

And what shall I do for the Saviour
For what He hath done for me?
I'll pray for the sick, and the evil-doer;
I'll make my friends among the poor,
As He hath done for me.

And what shall I bear for the Saviour
For what He hath borne for me?
Remembering I'm His constant care,
Whatever He sends me I will bear,
As He hath borne for me.

And what shall I be for the Saviour
For what He hath been for me?
Long-suffering, kind, unselfish, pure,
To bear, believe, to hope, endure,
As He hath been for me.

The Quiet Mind.

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

I HAVE a treasure which I prize;
The like I can not find;
There's nothing like it in the earth:
It is a quiet mind.

But 'tis not that I'm stupefied,
Or senseless, dull, or blind;
'Tis God's own peace within my soul
Which forms my quiet mind.

I found this treasure at the cross;
'Tis there to every kind
Of heavy-laden, weary souls
Christ gives a quiet mind.

My Saviour's death and risen life
To give this were designed;
And that's the root, and that's the branch,
Of this, my quiet mind.

The love of God within my heart,
My heart to His doth bind;
This is the mind of heaven on earth—
This is my quiet mind.

I've many a cross to take up now,
And many left behind;
But present trials move me not,
Nor shake my quiet mind.

And what may be to-morrow's cross
I never seek to find;
My Saviour says, Leave that to Me,
And keep a quiet mind.

And well I know the Lord hath said,
To make my heart resigned,
That mercy still shall follow such
As have this quiet mind.

I meet with pride of wit and wealth,
  And scorn and looks unkind.
It matters nought; I envy not,
  For I've a quiet mind.

I'm waiting now to see the Lord,
  Who's been to me so kind;
I want to thank Him face to face,
  For this, my quiet mind.

Not in Anything We Do.

NOT in anything we do,—
  Thought that's pure, or word that's true,
Saviour, would we put our trust:
Frail as vapor, vile as dust,
All that flatters we disown;
Righteousness is Thine alone.

Though we underwent for Thee
Perils of the land and sea;
Though we cast our lives away,
Dying for Thee day by day,
Boast we never of our own;
Grace and strength are Thine alone.

Native cumberers of the ground,
All our fruit from Thee is found;
Grafted in Thine olive, Lord,
New-begotten by Thy Word,
All we have is Thine alone;
Life and power are not our own.

And when Thy returning voice
Calls Thy faithful to rejoice;
When the countless throng to Thee
Cast their crowns of victory,
We will sing before the throne,
"Thine the glory, not our own."

Comfort or Complaint.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—PHIL. iv. 6.

SING a hymn to Jesus when the heart is faint,
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint:
If the work is sorrow, if the way be long,
If thou dread'st the morrow, tell it Him in song,
Though thy heart be aching for the crown and palm,
Keep thy spirit waking with a faithful psalm.

Jesus, we are lowly, Thou art very high;
We are all unholy, Thou art purity:
We are frail and fleeting, Thou art still the same,
All life's joys are meeting in Thy blessèd name.
Sing a hymn to Jesus when thy heart is faint,
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint.

All His words are music, though they make me weep;
Infinitely tender, infinitely deep;
Time can never render all in Him I see,
Infinitely tender human Deity;
Sing a hymn to Jesus when thy heart is faint,
Tell it all to Jesus, comfort or complaint.

Jesus, let me love Thee, infinitely sweet;
What are the poor odors I bring to Thy feet?
Yet I love Thee, love Thee! Come into my heart;
And ere long remove me to be where Thou art;
Thus I sing to Jesus when my heart is faint,
So I tell to Jesus, comfort or complaint.

Giving All.

OH, what a pure, white flame lit up the face,
The eager, childish face, that questioned me!
"Could we give all—all things for God's fair grace?
Leave everything to follow perfectly?"

Awe-struck, and shaken in my soul, I cry:
"Deep are thy words, my child! Seek not the vow,
Though, soon or late, our souls must make reply,
Yet let the Saviour ask it—and not thou."

"Say, rather—'Can I fully yield to-day
The things for which to-day His Wisdom asks?
The measured steps along the narrow way,
Fulfillment fair of little, lowly tasks?'"

"Canst heed His voice to-day? Care not to know
How high along the mountain-side it leads.
Ah! what if some most blessed morn could show
Thy faithful answer said for thee in deeds!"

"Thou may'st not leap to glory. God alone
Can bring thee, step by step, where waits for thee
This crown of life, with grateful tears to own,
'I *can* do all through Christ, who strengthens me!'"

Consecration.

I WILL work with all my might,
While the Lord shall give me light;
Soon will come the silent night.

Soon my toil on earth must close
In that hour of calm repose,
Undisturbed by friends or foes.

Should I therefore now complain
Of my weariness or pain,
Or of labor done in vain?

Rather let me strive to be
More devoted, Lord, to Thee,
Thou who hast done all for me!

Grant that I may not repine;
Make my will conform to Thine;
Keep me by Thy grace divine.

Then, though humble be my place,
If Thy footsteps I can trace,
I shall yet behold Thy face.

Patient let me work and wait;
Come the summons soon or late,
I shall gladly meet my fate.

Why He Takes Them.

THE flock stood waiting by the rapid river,
And would not cross,
Although the shepherd kindly called them thither,
And banks of moss,

And fields of green, and verdant hills surrounded
The further shore;
The danger still their narrow vision bounded
Of crossing o'er.

He stretched his kindly arms, and gently called them—
They would not heed;
The deep, broad river's rapid stream appalled them,
Though pleasant mead

And mountain fair beyond the darkling river
Rose to their view,
And in the distance, bright, unfading ever,
Were pastures new.

The shepherd took a lamb, and safely bore it
Within his arms
To where the pastures brightly gleamed before it,
And all alarms

Were hushed. The mother heard its voice of pleading,
And, crossing o'er,
The flock behind her followed in her leading
Unto the shore.

O stricken hearts, all torn with grief and bleeding,
A Saviour's voice
Ye would not hear, nor follow in His leading
Of your own choice.

So He takes your lambs into His keeping,
That eyes all dim
And dark with sorrow's clouds, and sad with weeping,
May look to Him,

And see beyond the darkly rolling river,
Those gone before,
And to the fields with verdure green forever
Cross safely o'er.

Show Me Thy Face.

SHOW me Thy face—
A cheering beam
Of loveliness divine;
And I shall never think or dream
Of other love save Thine.
All lesser light will darken quite,
All lower glories wane,—
The beautiful of earth will scarce
Seem beautiful again!

Show me Thy face—
The heaviest cross
Will then seem light to bear;
There will be gain in every loss,
And peace with every care.

With such light feet the years will fleet,
  Life seem as brief as blest;
Till I have laid my burden down,
  And entered into rest.

  Show me Thy face—
And I shall be
  In heart and mind renewed,
With wisdom, grace, and energy,
  To work Thy work endued.
Shine through the veil, Immanuel,
  Until, the veil removed,
In perfect glory I behold
  The face that I have loved!

Ever with Me.

EVER with me, Lord, Thou art,
  In the crowded busy mart,
In the lone, secluded glen,
Far from all the haunts of men.

Ever with me, by the way,
When in weariness I stray;
Day and night, at home, abroad,
Thou art with me, O my God!

Ever with me, everywhere,
All-pervading, like the air,
Penetrating heart and soul,
Bending all to Thy control.

Ever with me, to sustain,
In the hour of grief and pain,
Every rising fear to quell,
All my sorrows to dispel.

Born of God, in Him I live;
All myself to Him I give:
Make me, Lord, forever Thine—
Jesus, be forever mine!

A Little While.

WHAT is this that He saith?
"It is but a little while,"
And trouble and pain and death
Shall vanish before His smile.

"A little while," and the load
Shall drop at the pilgrim's feet,
Where the steep and thorny road
Doth merge in the golden street.

But what is this that He saith?
"A little while," and the day
Of the servant that laboreth
Shall be done forever and aye.

Oh, the truth that is yet untold!
Oh, the songs that are yet unsung!
Oh, the sufferings manifold,
And the sorrows that have no tongue!

Oh, the helpless hands held out,
And the wayward feet that stray
In the desolate paths of doubt
And the sinner's downward way!

For a silence soon will fall
On the lips that burn for speech,
And the needy and pour that call
Will forever be out of reach.

"For the work that ye must do
Before the coming of death
There remaineth, O faithful few,
But a little while," He saith.

Night Bringeth Counsel.

TO tired brain and aching head,
To those who through the day,
With mind distressed, have toiled for bread,
Well-nigh too weary e'en to pray;
To such night bringeth counsel.

To those perplexed alone in mind,
Whose doubts have banished sleep;
Who weary watch and vigil keep;
Who've sought in vain, all day, to find
The needed strength or Helper kind,
To such night bringeth counsel.

Perchance they find night's quiet rest
Can all their doubts dispel;
And learn to say, "He knoweth best
Who doeth all things well;
And surely He will give the light
We seek to do our work aright."
To us night bringeth counsel.

Oh, blessed night! with darkness crowned,
In thy sweet silence we have found
Help in our precious need.
Refreshed we rise to meet the strife
'Twixt right and wrong in daily life
Which waits us all. To us indeed
Night hath brought counsel.

An Evening Hymn.

NOW the solemn shadows darken,
And the daylight slowly dies,
Holy Saviour, Thou wilt hearken
When Thy children's prayers arise;
Blessed Jesus,
Look on us with loving eyes.

Some are tried with doubts and dangers,
Some have found their hearts grow cold,
Some are aliens now, and strangers
To the faith they loved of old.
Blessed Jesus,
Bring them back into the fold.

Some in conflict sore have striven
With temptation fierce and strong;
Lord, to them let strength be given
If the battle should be long!
Blessed Jesus,
Change their mourning into song.

By Thy passion in the garden,
By Thine anguish on the tree,
By that precious gift of pardon,
Won for us alone by Thee,
Blessed Jesus,
Set the sin-bound captives free.

When our earthly day is closing,
And the night grows still and deep,
Let us, in Thine arms reposing,
Feel Thy power to save and keep.
Blessed Jesus,
Give Thine own beloved sleep.

"Lord, is it I?"

"LORD, is it I?" I ask in tears and sadness,
I, Thy disciple at Thy sacred board,
Who from Thy cup hath drunk, Thy bread hath broken;
Oh, is it I, who shall betray my Lord?

"Lord, is it I?" I ask in deep emotion;
"Exceeding sorrowful," my heart would say,
Though I should die with Thee, I'll not betray Thee;
Forbid it, Lord, that I my trust betray.

"Lord, is it I?" Thou knowest that I love Thee
I love Thy habitation and Thy seat;
I love to hear Thy Gospel's holy teaching;
With Mary, I would worship at Thy feet.

"Lord, is it I?" I tremble at the question;
Oh, is my faith so weak in Christ my God,
That I for worldly gain could sell my Master;
That I for worldly joys deny my Lord?

"Lord, is it I?" Thou knowest my temptations,
My spirit willing, though my flesh is weak;
My earnest striving, and my often failing;
Sinning, repenting, still Thy grace I seek.

"Lord, is it I?" Oh, cheer my drooping spirit!
Unto Thy Cross I cling in humble prayer,
Distrusting all but Thee, and Thy great merit,
O blessed Saviour, keep me in Thy care!

I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

ONE sweet and solemn joy I have
Amidst the chance and change of life:
It shines upon me, strong and true,
Thro' smiles and tears, thro' hope and strife.
O blessed thought! O faith Divine!
What joy and peace Thy presence gives!
Though other hopes be lost to me,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

He lives, as He once lived on earth,
The Friend—compassionate and true!
No pleading prayer, but He still hears;
No sorrow, but He helps us through!
Are any tempted? He is near!
Is sin a burden? He forgives!
O hope that ages have not dimmed—
I know that my Redeemer lives!

O worldly-wise! how can you doubt
The precious story of the Cross?
How can you fail to find the Lord—
Or, missing Him, survive such loss?
Through ages dark, through centuries dim,
The Light of all the world still gives
Its ray Divine, which shall not cease!
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Hymn.

O THOU, my heart's best treasure!
O Friend unchangeable!
Sweet spring of ceaseless pleasure
For all who love Thee well!
Take of my heart possession,
And reign alone therein,
Thou, whose dear cross and passion
Have saved me from my sin.

Joy of my life! Thou feedest
My soul with living bread;
Still to faith's sight Thou bleedest,
And richest drops are shed.

When tired and faint I languish,
By Thee the weak is strong,
And in my night of anguish
I tune my loudest song.

Ah, pour on me Thy favor,
Rich font of love and grace;
Around me shine forever,
Great Sun of Righteousness!
Without Thy smile peace-giving
Life were but death to me;
But in Thy presence living
True light and life I see.

My heart, in closest union
With Thine, dear Lord, made one,
Finds here in sweet communion,
Its heaven on earth begun:
Better 'mid flames fierce-wreathing,
Safe in Thy love to be,
Than heaven's own fragrance breathing
If heaven were void of Thee!

Since Christ is Gone to Heaven.

SINCE Christ is gone to heaven, His home
I, too, must one day share;
And in this hope I overcome
All anguish, all despair;
For where the Head is, well we know
The members He hath left below
In time He gathers there.

Since Christ hath reached His glorious throne
And mighty gifts are His,
My heart can rest in heaven alone;
On earth my Lord I miss:
I long to be with Him on high,
And heart and thoughts would hourly fly
Where now my treasure is.

From Thy ascension let such grace,
My Lord, be found in me,
That steadfast faith may guide my ways
Unfaltering up to Thee,
And at Thy voice I may depart
With joy to dwell where Thou, Lord, art;
Oh, grant this prayer to me!

Waiting.

LEARN to wait—life's hardest lesson,
Conned, perchance, through blinding tears,
While the heart-throbs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition;
Faint not, though the way seems long;
There is joy in each condition,
Hearts, through suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul, untouched by sorrow,
Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow,
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from life's sunny side,
Heroes must be more than driftwood,
Floating on a waveless tide.

What is That to Thee?

I WOULD not vainly choose
What road shall lead me up the holy mountain,
What path conduct me to the crystal fountain;
Nor willing be to lose
The guidance of the Hand that e'er has led
In ways I knew not, but with mercies spread.

When I am called to die,
To yield my spirit to His sacred keeping,
To rest my body in the long, long sleeping,
I fain would not belie
My trust in Him who doeth all things well,
Whose will alone my every wish should quell.

If gentle be the call,
If faint and feeble be the distant warning,
Like dimmest daybreak of the early morning
Tipping the pine tree tall,
And brighter growing till the red east shines
With fullest glory on the glowing pines.

How grateful should I feel!
That I might still behold my loved ones longer,
Might tarry till my timid faith grew stronger,
Might linger to reveal
The loves that buoyant life can ne'er unveil—
Like odors evening only can exhale.

If sudden be the stroke,
If all unheralded His solemn coming,
Like flash, fast followed by the thunder's booming,
That scathes the skyward oak,
While pale with fear we hold our bated breath,
In awe of the swift messenger of death,—

How blest the favored lot!
A lot to few departing spirits given,
Painless to pass from earth and sin to heaven.
O surely it were not
Departure we should dread, at once to rise
On whirlwind pinions to the opening skies.

So I repose my trust;
And whether speedy messenger obeying,
Or waiting, patiently, my Lord's delaying
To summon me to rest.
On His dear love my willing trust would dwell;
He knoweth best—He doeth all things well.

Speak Low, Speak Little.

SPEAK low, speak little: who may sing
While yonder cannon thunders boom?

Watch, shuddering, what each day may bring,
Nor "pipe amid the crack of doom!"

And yet—the pines sing overhead,
The robins by the alder-pool,
The bees about the garden-bed,
The children dancing home from school.

And ever at the loom of Birth
The mighty Mother weaves and sings:
She weaves—fresh robes for mangled earth;
She sings—fresh hopes for desperate things.

And thou, too, if through Nature's calm
Some strain of music touch thine ears,
Accept and share that soothing balm,
And sing, though choked with pitying tears.

Because.

WITH such a grovelling heart how shall I dare
Ask Thee, my Lord, to make Thy dwelling there?
—Because the Bethlehem stable Thou didst share.

With restless passions, surging like a sea,
How can I think to find repose for Thee?
—Because Thy voice hushed stormy Galilee.

With guilt's defilement stained without, within,
How may I hope Thy cleansing grace to win?
—Because Thou saidst, "I have forgiven thy sin."

With earth's poor, caresome droilings tired, opprest,
What right have I to lean upon Thy breast?
—Because Thou offeredst to the weary rest.

With soul affections stony-cold and dead,
What claim have I to plead for life instead?
—Because in Joseph's tomb was laid Thy head.

Out and Into.

"*He brought us out . . . . that He might bring us in.*"—DEUT. vi. 23.

OUT of the distance and darkness so deep,
Out of the settled and perilous sleep,
Out of the region and shadow of death,
Out of its foul and pestilent breath,
Out of the bondage and weary chains,
Out of companionship ever with stains:
Into the light and glory of God,
Into the holiest, made clean by blood,
Into His arms, the embrace and the kiss,
Into the scene of ineffable bliss,
Into the quiet and infinite calm,
Into the place of the song and the psalm.
Wonderful love, that has wrought all for me!
Wonderful work, that has thus set me so free!
Wonderful ground, upon which I have come!
Wonderful tenderness, welcoming home!

Out of disaster and ruin complete,
Out of the struggle and dreary defeat,
Out of my sorrow, and bondage, and shame,
Out of the evils too fearful to name,

Out of my guilt and the criminal's doom,
Out of the dreading, and terror, and gloom:
Into the sense of forgiveness and rest,
Into inheritance with all the blest,
Into a righteous and permanent peace,
Into the grandest and fullest release,
Into the comfort without an alloy,
Into a perfect and confident joy.
Wonderful holiness, bringing to light!
Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight!
Wonderful lowliness, draining my cup!
Wonderful purpose, that ne'er gave me up!

Out of the horror of being alone,
Out and forever of being my own,
Out of the bitterness, madness, and strife,
Out of myself and all I called life,
Out of the hardness of heart and of will,
Out of the longings that nothing could fill:
Into communion with Father and Son,
Into the sharing of all that Christ won,
Into the ecstasies full to the brim,
Into the bearing of all things with Him,
Into Christ Jesus, there ever to dwell,
Into more blessings than words can e'er tell,
Wonderful Person, whose face I'll behold!
Wonderful story, there all to be told!
Wonderful, all the dread way that He trod!
Wonderful end, that He brought me to God!

The Heart's Home.

"*God is love: and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.*"—1 JOHN iv. 16.

O LORD, in whom are all my springs,
Joyful to Thee I come;
My grateful heart exultant sings
To know Thou art its home.

The shelter of Thy glorious arms,
How strong and safe and sweet!
From sense and sin, from all alarms,
I fly to this retreat.

There is my sure and tranquil rest,
In every troubled hour;
Weary, I lean upon Thy breast,
And feel its soothing power.

In that dear place of purest love,
What wings encircle me!
Naught in the world can ever move
My trusting soul from Thee.

My Lord! if now I find in Thee
So blest and sweet a home,
What shall the heavenly mansion be
When to its door I come

A Prayer.

I BOW my head, I bend my knee,
My prayerful voice goes up to Thee;
Lord, wilt Thou hearken unto me?

I call Thy name with anguished cry,
I wait and long for some reply;
Lord, give me answer or I die.

Thou, on Thy far-off mercy throne,
Have pity on my ceaseless moan;
Lord, let Thy mercy's power be shown.

I pray Thee that Thy Spirit may
Lead me in some diviner way,
And teach me to forget this day.

I pray Thee that this grief I know
May lift me, though I am brought low;
May teach me gladness out of woe.

For Him who for our lives has died,
For those sad wounds that pierced His side,
Lord, heal my poor heart crucified!

"For My Sake."

THREE little words, but full of tenderest meaning;
Three little words, the heart can scarcely hold;
Three little words, but on their import dwelling
What wealth of love these syllables unfold!

"For my sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy;
On earth this was my work, I give it thee;
If thou wouldst follow in thy Master's footsteps,
Take up my cross, and come and learn of me.

"For my sake" let the little ones be tended,
All that I give unto thee safely keep;
I took them in my arms, received and blessed them,
Do thou the same for me, "Feed now my sheep."

"For my sake" let the harsh word die unuttered,
That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue;
"For my sake" check the quick, rebellious feeling
That rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For my sake" press thou with patience onward,
Although the race be hard, the battle long;
Within my Father's house are many mansions,
There thou shalt rest and join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,
If "for my sake" thou suffer pain and loss,
Bear on, faint heart, thy Master went before thee,
They only wear His crown who share His cross.

O Thou, dear Lord, who walked the earth incarnate,
Fain would we follow, but we fear, we fall;
Lo! at Thy feet we bend, Thy aid imploring,
Our only plea that "for thy sake" we call.

An Idle Prayer.

LONG time I prayed: "My God,
More of Thy love abroad
Help one to shew."

This day it flashed on me
I had prayed thoughtlessly;
More I should *know*.

So when I seek His face,
I shall pray: "Greater grace,
Dear Lord, bestow!"

Content.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."
—PHIL. iv. 11.

HAVE I learned, in whatsoever
State, to be content?
Have I learned this blessed lesson,
By my Master sent,—
And with joyous acquiescence
Do I greet His will,
Even when my own is thwarted,
And my hands lie still?

Surely it is best, and sweetest,
Thus to have Him choose,
Even though some work I've taken,
By this choice I lose.
Folded hands need not be idle—
Fold them but in prayer,
Other souls may toil far better
For God's answer there.

They that "reap" receive their "wages,"
Those who "work," their "crown,"

Those who *pray*, throughout the ages
Bring blest answers down;
In "whatever state" abiding
Till the Master call,
They at eventide will find Him,
Glorified in all.

What though I can *do* so little
For my Lord and King,
At His feet I sit and listen,
At His feet I sing.
And whatever my condition,
All in love is meant;
Sing, my soul, thy recognition!
Sing, and be content!

Hymn to the Saviour.

CHRIST, who art above the sky,
Teach me how to live and die;
God has sent me here to be,
Born of human-kind like Thee:
Thou hast gone before me here;
Make my pathway safe and clear.

Pure as snow from taint of wrong,
Thou hast felt temptation strong;
Thou wilt help me firm to stand
When the tempter is at hand:
Thou wilt turn my thoughts to Thee,
And the thought of sin will flee.

When I fall, my weakness spare;
Saviour, save me from despair!
By the mercy-gate Thou art,
Vision of the Bleeding Heart!
If I kneel before the gate,
Thou wilt never cry: "Too late."

If I fall on evil days;
If the hope of life delays;
If my dear ones leave me lone;
Be Thou here when they are gone:
Thou hast known what sorrow is;
Thou wilt turn my tears to bliss.

So far off, and yet so near,
Fill me with Thy presence here!
By the love that brought Thee down,
By the ancient cross and crown,
Aid me here to live and die,
Christ, who art above the sky.

The Master's Call.

UP, and be doing! the time is brief,
And life is frail as the autumn leaf.

To God and thy better self be true,
Do with thy might what thou findest to do.

Though the day is bright and the sun is high,
Ere long 'twill fade from the glowing sky;

While the evening shadows darkly fall—
There's a time for rest, it will come to all.

The harvest is white, and the field is wide,
And thou at thine ease mayst not abide.

The reapers are few and far between,
And Death is abroad with his sickle keen.

Oh, think of the Master, worn and faint,
Whose meek lips uttered no sad complaint,

Who toiled for thee 'mid the noontide heat,
And sought no rest for His weary feet;

Of a Father's wrath who drank the wine
And bore His cross to lighten thine.

Go forth and labor! a crown awaits
The faithful servant, at heaven's high gates;

For a death of shame, the Saviour died,
To open those golden portals wide,

That souls redeemed from the toils of sin
In his spotless robes might enter in.

Work with thy might! ere the day of grace
Is spent, ere the night steals on apace—

The Master has given His pledge divine;
Who winneth souls, like the stars shall shine!

The Foolish Virgin.

"THE midnight comes and my lamp unfilled!"
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
"Sisters, help! ere my hope be killed;
Give, of your store, that my lamp be filled."
The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"Sisters, help!" They have closed the door.
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
Naught they gave of their brimming store,
Each one watching the lamp she bore.
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"I will knock, though the door be closed."
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
"Lord, thy handmaid waits. Unclose!
Around me night like a river flows."
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"Who knocks so late from the darkened East?"
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
"Depart! I know nor greater nor least
Who brings no light to the marriage feast."
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"Depart! Too late!" Oh, words of doom!
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
Watch well thy lamp, that it light the gloom
And show the way to the festal room.
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

Dwellers in Tents.

A WHILE on earth we roam,
In these frail houses which are not our home,
Journeying toward a refuge that is sure,—
A rest secure.

Only a little while
We dread the frown of life, and court its smile;
A dwelling then we have, not made with hands,
In other lands.

Therefore we need not mourn
That sudden clouds across our skies are borne;
That winter chills us, and the storm makes rents
In our frail tents.

Therefore we need not fear,
Though moth and rust corrupt our treasure here;
Though midnight thieves creep in with silent stealth
To steal our wealth.

For in our Father's house
A mansion fair He has prepared for us;
And only till His voice shall call us hence,
We dwell in tents.

The Shadow of the Rock.

"A hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land."—Is. xxxii. 2.

IN the Shadow of the Rock
Let me rest,

When I feel the tempest's shock
Thrill my breast;
All in vain the storm shall sweep
While I hide,
And my tranquil station keep
By Thy side.

On the parched and desert way
Where I tread,
With the scorching noontide ray
O'er my head;
Let me find the welcome shade,
Cool and still,
And my weary steps be stayed
While I will.

I in peace will rest me there
Till I see
That the skies again are fair
Over me;
That the burning heats are past,
And the day
Bids the traveler at last
Go his way.

Then my pilgrim staff I'll take,
And once more
I'll my onward journey make
As before;
And with joyous heart and strong
I will raise
Unto Thee, O Rock, a song
Glad with praise!

Pray On.

PRAY on; nor faint, nor cease,
Nor ever weary grow,
Until the answer come in peace;
Faint not, pray on.

Pray on; for dear ones need
Thy loving supplication,
And God is pledged to heed;
Faint not, pray on.

Pray on; it is the way
He takes to succor thee,
With strength for every day;
Faint not, pray on.

Pray on; in faith and love,
Believing in His power
To hear thee from above;
Faint not, pray on.

Pray on; the promise rests
Upon unceasing prayer,
Until thou win thy soul's requests,
Faint not, pray on.

Misunderstood.

THERE'S many a burden bound to many a back
Unseen, yet hard to bear;
There's many a form stretched often on the rack,
A smiling face must wear.

There's many a labor going bravely on,
All underneath the ground;
There's many a battle fought and victory won
Without a warlike sound.

There's many a tongue that does not smoothly tell
The news of greatest good,
But ever tolls like a discordant bell—
Its words misunderstood.

There's many a hand that is not quick to do
The duties that it would,
But labors lamely, though the heart be true—
Its deeds misunderstood.

There's many a life that treads the world alone,
As if in bitter mood;
It may seem void because not better known—
A life misunderstood.

Oh, sons of men, I pray you take good heed;
Speak, do, live, as you should;
And know that then your word, your every deed,
Your life, God understood!

The Prying Hand.

OUT of a darkened room I drew my friend,
And knowing every step and where was light
Assured my leading to be safe as sight,
And bade her on that utterly depend.

Then she leaned on me as secure from harm
Till, as we reached the darkest place of all,
I heard uncertain touches on the wall,
And felt a lessening weight upon my arm.

Ah, me! how Love, both human and divine,
Must feel the hurt, when Trust, impelled by Doubt,
Leans one arm less to stretch the other out,
And groping, does but half of self resign!

My Voice shalt Thou Hear in the Morning.

MY voice shalt Thou hear this morning,
For the shades have passed away;
And out from the dark, like a joyous lark,
My heart soars up with the day;
And its burden all is blessing,
And its accents all are song;
For Thou hast refreshed its slumbers,
And Thy strength hath made it strong.

My voice shalt Thou hear this morning,
For the day is all unknown;
And I am afraid, without Thine aid,
To travel its hours alone.
Give me Thy light to lead me,
Give me Thy hand to guide;
Give me Thy living presence,
To journey side by side.

Star of eternal morning,
Sun that can ne'er decline,
Day that is bright with unfading light,
Ever above me shine.
For the night shall all be noontide,
And the clouds shall vanish far,
When my path of life is gilded
By the bright and Morning Star.

"How Much Owest Thou My Lord?"

HOW much?—alas, if I could tell,
I might have hope to cancel it;
But still the numbers swell and swell,
Till now my debt is infinite.

I owe Him for my very breath,
My life, from His own life distilled;
For all His boundless promise saith,
As well as for His word fulfilled.

Oh, every joy that glads my path,
Oh, every hope that gilds my way,
Still for its gracious author hath
My Lord—and I have nought to pay!

Even the sorrows that He sends
Proclaim His love, and blossom fair
With wise designs and wholesome ends,
Whose harvest waits me otherwhere.

Oh, boundless grace—too often met
With doubt and coldness! woe is me!
And, hopeless to discharge my debt,
"Have mercy!" is my only plea.

To All.

ST. MARK xiii. 37.

COULD Christians watch ten thousand years
Before their Lord Himself appears,
Yet, as He then shall come at last,
'Twere wise, through all the ages past,
To have watched and waited, and have borne
The scoffer's jest, the worldling's scorn.
But those who watch not in the day
Will surely sleep the night away.

Lord, make me at all hours awake,
And self-denied Thy cross to take,
Robed for Thy nuptial feast in white,
With lamp in hand and burning bright;
Nor lack of precious oil be mine
When the loud cry, "Arise and shine!"
Proclaims Thee come in bridal state,
And when *preparing is too late!*

As a Child.

WHEN evening cools the fevered world
And curtains out the glowing day,
Comes little Two-Year-Old to me,
All weary from her baby play.

Well pleased, I take her in my arms,
My better angel, robed in white,
And, nestling warm in my embrace,
She woos the grateful rest of night.

Yet, ere her senses fade away,
Her chubby hand she puts in mine,
And then, but not till then, to sleep
Her wee, spent powers will resign.
And if from midnight slumbers roused,
She cries, not knowing I am near,
One loving pressure of my hand
Will still her every doubt and fear.

Sweet, child-like trust! She knows me not,
As she, God willing, yet shall know;
Her melting eye, when fixed on mine,
Will oft with wonder overflow;
Yet, wiser than some sages are,
Who doubt when faith should strongest be,
She knows I love her, that her heart
A refuge sure may find in me.

And so, O God! when this frail soul,
By secret doubt and fear beguiled,
Bows to the dust, may Thy sweet grace
Grant me the faith of this dear child.
When Trial's darkest hour draws nigh
And momently my woes increase,
Grant that a child-like faith in Thee
May give my heart a Christ-like peace.

Yes, I *will* trust Thee, come what may,
Though mystery hides Thee from my sight;

Trust Thee, O God! in life's glad day,
But trust Thee more in life's dark night.
I ask Thee not for wealth or fame;
I ask not armies to command;
But may I, weaker than a child,
In faith e'er feel Thy loving hand.

My Love.

MY dearest love! My soul's supreme delight,
At early morning hour and late at night;
In prayers and tears and vows, to Thee I plight
My troth, my love!

Thou speakest to my soul in music sweet,
And all Thy priceless words I would repeat;
Nor wish for more than at Thy precious feet
To lie, my love!

As to the thirsting earth the dew and shower;
As is the fragrance of the sweetest flower;
As to declining age sustaining power;
So is my love.

As speech is to the dumb, sight to the blind;
As heavenly music to the adoring mind;
As friend deserting not, but always kind;
So is my love!

I love Him first, because He first loved me;
And heaven and earth will pass away and be
As things that were, ere I shall ever see
Change in His love!

I give myself to Him, my all in all;
With patience, faith, and hope I wait the call,
When I into His folding arms may fall,
Of Christ, my love.

Then be at rest; nor sin, nor troubles more
My soul disturb; with nothing to deplore;
Redeemed, beloved of Him whom I adore,
My God, my love!

I am Thine.

LORD, I am Thine, all glory to Thy name;
I to Thy law my life, myself resign;
Of right Thou dost my love, my worship claim,
And I am Thine.

In paths of doubt I wandered, lost, of yore,
When, lo! upon my path Thou deign'dst to shine;
Once was my heart a void, and death in store;
Now I am Thine.

The world erewhile enchained my captive soul,
But now I dwell beneath Thy rule divine;
Sweet is Thy yoke; on Thee my cares I roll,
For I am Thine.

Me to receive with welcome to Thy heart,
Thine arms outspread, and looks of love combine,
O Lord, I come; I choose that better part;
Thine, wholly Thine.

Possessing Thee, I am of all possessed;
And 'tis by faith this happy lot is mine;
Upon Thy bosom, Lord, in peace I rest,
Thine, only Thine.

None from the Book of Life shall blot my name;
No tempter from Thy paths my steps incline;
'Tis death, 'tis life, Thy piercing glance of flame;
But I am Thine.

While on this earth I sojourn by Thy will,
My Saviour and my God, still be Thou mine;
Till safe in Heaven I bless Thy mercy still,
Forever Thine.

Binding Sheaves.

"REAPER," I asked, "among the golden sheaves,
Toiling at noon amid the falling leaves,
What recompense hast thou for all thy toil,
What tithe of all thy Master's wine and oil?
Or dost thou coin thy brow's hot drops to gold,
Or add to house and land, or flock and fold?"

The reaper paused from binding close the grain,
And said, while shone his smile through labor's stain:
"I do my Master's work, as He hath taught,
And work of love with gold was never bought.
He knoweth all of which my life hath need—
His servants reap as they have sown the seed.
With all my heart I bind my Master's grain,
And love makes sweet my labor and my pain."

But God Himself hath stooped to make
My life a gladness. For His sake,
My daily bread with thanks I take.

Though flesh and heart may fail and faint
Beneath the chain of sin's constraint,
And oft I lift a weary plaint;

Though to the last I seem to come
And see, with lips dismayed and dumb,
The draining drops, the lessening crumb;

Yet He who only bids me pray
For what I need, from day to day,
Is pledged to keep me by the way.

In all the hunger of my soul,
In all the sorrow and the dole,
His grace shall surely make me whole.

At Eventide it Shall be Light.

FORTH to thy work from morn till night,
Through fog and din thy path would be;
Whilst I at home upon the height
Would work and rest and wait for thee.

But now along the way of life
Through dust and din my path must be,
Whilst thou, above all mists and strife,
Waitest at Home, on high, for me.

I will not call them "weary ways;"
No murmur ever left Thy lips!
I will not sigh o'er "dreary days,"
Though darkened by Thy light's eclipse.

A Presence wraps me everywhere,
The Presence in which thou art blest;
The Face, the Sun of Worlds, is there,
Yet bright to us the glistening west.

The work is good, the way is right—
But yet, I think, an hour shall be
At evening on the home-like height
Which will be morn to thee and me.

Compensation.

AS singing after silence is, or sun is after rain,
So may the lesson be that tells the blessedness
of pain:

For only at the ending of the journey lies the crown;
And none see all its light but they who on its light
look down.

Life's labor won is never won, until it first be lost;
As priceless things most priceless are when bought
at priceless cost.

The sorrow and the sinning that are o'er shall be
the way

That leads us from a darkened past into a brightening day.

Though still, as in the past, the night must come before the morn;
The loftiest loves in sorrow still must deepest down be born.

Not all on page of parchment, or on monumental stone,
The records have been graven that the universe hath known:

God still is writing gospels in the lives of those that sin;
E'en while their hearts refuse to let the graver's chisel in.

Though all have sinned, and still they sin, it shall not be in vain
That any human heart has drunk the dregs of human pain;

Or not in vain the sky of life is dark with clouds of woe,
While all its misty mountain-tops are clad in trackless snow.

The light shall shine out brighter, when at last it flashes through;
And evermore the old shall be the pathway of the new.

Trust.

"*In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.*"

BE quiet, soul:
Why shouldst thou care and sadness borrow,
Why sit, in nameless fear and sorrow,
The livelong day?
God will mark out thy path to-morrow
In His best way.

Be quiet, soul:
There is no need of doubt and crying,
There is no need for anxious sighing,
God's love to know:
Dost thou not remember His dying,
Who loved thee so?

Be trustful, soul:
Each day, for thee, thy Father careth—
Each day, in sweet compassion shareth
Thine every ill:
Even thy sin for thee He beareth,
And loves thee still.

Be trustful, soul:
When some dark cloud shuts out before thee
Light that hath hitherto shone o'er thee,
Doubt not, nor fear;
But know God does it to assure thee
That He is near.

Be trustful, soul:
Remember God forgets thee never—
He who in grace stands waiting ever
Thy way to guide—
Shall surely hold thee, soul, forever
Close to His side.

"I will Abide in Thine House."

AMONG so many, can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes—a myriad ways—
And God's Eye over every place.

Over; but *in*? The world is full;
A high Omnipotence must rule;
But is there Life that doth abide
With mine own living, side by side?

So many,—and so wide abroad;
Can any heart have all of God?
From the great spaces, vague and dim,
May one small household gather Him?

I asked: my soul bethought of this:
In just that very place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!

Passing By.

"*And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passed by.*"

OH, rich man, from your happy door,
Seeing the old, the sick, the poor,
Who ask for nothing, scarcely weep,
To whom even heaven means only sleep,
While you, given good things without measure,
Sometimes can hardly sleep for pleasure,
Let not the blessed moment fly,
Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Is there a sinner, tired of sin,
Longing a new life to begin?
But all the gates of help are shut,
And all the words of love are mute;
Earth's best joys sere, like burnt-up grass,
And even the very heavens as brass?
Turn not away so pitilessly;
Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Self-hardened man, of smooth, bland smile;
Woman, with heart like desert isle
Set in the sea of household love,
Whom nothing save the "world" can move—
At your white lie, your sneering speech,
Your backward thrust no sword can reach,
Look, your child lifts a wandering eye:
Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Oh, all ye foolish ones, who feel
A sudden doubt, like piercing steel,

When your dead hearts within you burn,
And conscience sighs, "Return, return!"
Why let ye the sweet impulse fleet,
Love's wave wash back from your tired feet,
Knowing not Him who came so high:
Jesus of Nazareth passing by?

He must not pass. Hold Him secure—
In likeness of His humble poor;
Of many a sick soul, sin-beguiled;
In innocent face of little child:
Clasp Him—quite certain it is He—
In every form of misery;
And when thou meet'st Him up on high,
Be sure He will not pass thee by.

The Difference.

THINE the bearing and forbearing
Through the patient years:
Thine the loving, and the moving
Plea of sacred tears;
Thine the caring and the wearing
Of my pain for me;
Thine the sharing and the bearing
Of my sin on Thee.

Mine the leaving and the grieving
Of Thy mournful eyes;
Mine the fretting and forgetting
Of our blood-bound ties;

Mine the plaining and complaining,
And complaining still;
Mine the fearing and the wearying
Of Thy tender Will.

Mine the wrecking, Thine the building
Of our happiness—
My only Saviour, help me make
The dreadful difference less.

"His Compassions Fail Not."

THE farmer chides the tardy spring,
The sun withholds his wonted ray,
The days are dull and cold and gray,
No shadow doth the maple fling.

From snow-clad peaks and icy main
The north wind cometh wet and chill,
And evermore the clouds distill
The hoarded treasure of the rain.

But still, oh, miracle of good!
The crocus springs, the violets peep,
The straggling vines begin to creep,
The dandelion gilds the sod.

The rain may fall in constant showers,
The south wind tarry on its way;
But through the night and through the day
Advance the summer's fragrant hours.

And though the north wind force him back,
The song-bird hurries from the south
With summer's music in his mouth,
And studs with songs his airy track.

What then, my soul, if thou must know
Thy days of darkness, gloom and cold,
If joy its ruddy beams withhold,
And grief compels my tears to flow?

And what if, when with bended form
I praise the Lord for sorrows past,
There ever comes a fiercer blast,
And darker ruin of the storm?

As tarry not the flowers of June
For all the ill the heavens can do,
And, to their inmost natures true,
The birds rejoice in sweetest tune;

So, Father, shall it be with me;
And whether winds blow foul or fair,
Through want and woe, and toil and care,
Still will I struggle up to Thee;

That, though my winter days be long,
And brighter skies refuse to come,
My life no less may sweetly bloom,
And none the less be full of song.

"Thou hast the Words of Eternal Life."

JOHN.

TO whom, O blessed Saviour, can we go?
But to the human Son of God!
We are perplexed, bewildered with our woe,
And looking upwards see the rod
Of Righteous Justice: Saviour, help, we pray,
Be Thou our friend. Oh, turn not Thou away!

We are so faint and sore, and every bone
Is broken, every hope is gone,
In helpless wretchedness our hearts do groan,
And cry to Thee: we are undone
Without Thine aid: O Saviour, help, we pray,
Be Thou our friend. Oh, turn not Thou away!

Our hearts go backward to the dreadful day
When first we looked upon our dead,
Whose lips we loved so well were turned to clay,
And all the tender words of love were said
For the last time: O Saviour, hear, we pray,
Be Thou our friend. Oh, turn not Thou away!

The words of life eternal, Lord. Thou hast
The future that we trembling wait,
The weary present and the painful past,
The sweet and bitter of our fate
Are known to Thee: Then, Saviour, hear, we pray.
Be Thou our friend. Oh, turn not Thou away!

From Thine exhaustless fullness grant us power
Resignedly to take the gift

Of blessing or of pain, in every hour,
Content to do Thy will, and lift
Our smitten hearts to Thee: Oh, hear, we pray,
Be Thou our friend. Oh, turn not Thou away!

A Lesson.

WHILE in a dark valley
I was sitting apart,
Lamenting the sorrows
That burden the heart,
I chanced, looking upward,
A star to behold,
That sparkled with brightness
And this lesson told:

Though weary and wasting,
Learn wisdom from me;
Surrounded by darkness
Contented I be:
True, constant, and cheerful
Forever I shine,
Sustained and enlivened
By an impulse divine.

I rose from the valley
Heroic and wise,
Determined to conquer
The troubles that rise;
With hope to look upward
In sorrow and pain,
And never in weakness
To falter again.

"Thy Law."

"Oh, how I love Thy law! It is my meditation all the day."
"Christ is the fulfilling of the law."

HOW can we say, without the condemnation
Of our own hearts accusing us of wrong—
"I love Thy law; it is my meditation
The whole day long"?

Thy law is pure, and strict to mark offenses;
And we, how lightly into sin we fall!
By trifles tempted, by ungoverned senses
Still held in thrall.

The soul that sinneth—so Thy law declareth—
Shall surely die; and not a soul is born
But by inheritance of human nature shareth
The doom forlorn.

Stern law and sad for daily meditation!
Not David's love, I think, had long endured,
But for the vision of an expiation
At last secured.

With eyes anointed he beheld Thy coming,
O blessed Christ, and through the ages saw
The sinless One who, all our sins assuming,
Fulfilled the law.

Give to us now, who in these later ages
Have seen the shining of the sacred star;
And do possess the joy that seers and sages
Gazed at afar,—

Give to us, Lord, the fervent adoration
For love and justice so divinely blent;
That shall inspire our daily meditation
With deep content.

Not always, even with the satisfaction
Of its extreme requirement made by Thee,
Can our weak spirits meet the law's exaction
And penalty.

There is so much that baffles comprehension,
So many hours are darkened with strange pain;
And earnest effort fails of its intention,
And prayer seems vain.

Too often in the shadow of our sorrow
We murmur at the love that sorrow sends:
And question whether any fair to-morrow
Will make amends.

Our lives are full of cares and contradictions
That vex our souls, their need misunderstood;
And God, we cry, might spare us these afflictions
That yield no good.

O Holy One, whose life was not exempted
From any grief on human nature laid;
Be Thou our refuge when our souls are tempted
And sore dismayed.

Thou knowest all the foes that do torment us,
Convince us of Thy tender sympathy;
And for the grace that surely shall prevent us
We trust in Thee.

So shall our hearts grow calm in faith and patience
So shall our anxious prayers be turned to praise;
And Love Divine make sweet our meditations
Through all the days.

At Last.

I ASKED at Thy dear hands a broader field
Wherein, my blessed Lord, to toil for Thee;
My grateful heart through lofty deeds would sing
The measure of its love and loyalty.

With folded hands I waited the response,
Idle while others toiled at noontide heat,
Bearing the burden it was mine to bear,
Binding in sweet content their sheaves of wheat

The while I dreamed of tasks I would achieve
The sun dropped slowly down the western sky;
The hazy twilight deepened, and the night,
So calm and hushed, with stealthy steps drew nigh

I rise at last and join the harvesters,
To find the humblest task God gives me sweet;
With patient hand I'll strive for His dear sake
To gather a few scattered ears of wheat.

Oh, slow of heart to learn this simple truth—
Thy loyalty and love Thou may'st attest
By little deeds within a narrow sphere,
Nor vainly roam of broader fields in quest.

The Good Fight.

I CAME and saw, and hoped to conquer,
As the great Roman once had done;
His was the one hour's torrent shock of battle,
My field was harder to be won.

I came and saw, but did not conquer;
The foes were fierce, their weapons strong.
I came, I saw, but yet I did not conquer;
For me the fight was sore and long.

They said the war was brief and easy—
A word, a look, would crush the throng.
To some it may have been a moment's conflict;
To me it has been sore and long.

They said the threats were coward bluster;
To brave men they could work no wrong;
So some may boast of swift and easy battle—
To me it has been sore and long.

And yet, I know that I shall conquer,
Though sore and hard the fight may be;
I know, I know I shall be more than victor,
Through *Him* who won the fight for me.

I fight, not fearful of the issue;
My victory is sure and near;
Yet not the less with hand and eye all watchful,
Grasp I my buckler and my spear.

For I must fight, if I would conquer—
'Tis not by flight that fields are won;
And I must conquer, if I would inherit
The victor's joy and crown and throne.

"Chosen—In the Furnace of Affliction."

HOW long! how long! the furnace fires rage high;
Hath God forgotten me, as here I lie?
Is there no silver—is my soul all dross,
That I must suffer trial, pain, and loss?
Oh, for the Master's voice! Will He forsake?
Here in the fires alone, must my heart break?

Be patient, suffering soul! I hear thy cry.
The trial fires may glow, but I am nigh.
I see the silver, and I will refine
Until My image shall upon it shine.
Fear not, for I am near, thy help to be;
Greater than all thy pain, My love for thee.

Thy love for me! My Lord, is this the place
Where I may see the shining of Thy face?
Here may I learn Thy holy will to know,
And into Thy dear likeness nearer grow.
Unto this blessedness, may I aspire—
To glorify Thee, even in the fire?

Yes, even here! Oh, suffering one, be strong!
This trial of thy faith may not be long.
Even now, thy soul submissive to My will,
Is learning how to trust Me, and be still.

My everlasting arms do thee enfold.
Precious thou art to Me, as most fine gold.

I hear Thy voice, my Lord. I fain would rest,
Secure in all my weakness, on Thy breast.
But even now, though furnace fires burn low,
My spirit trembles underneath Thy blow.
Must there be trial still? Is there no sign—
No likeness yet, upon this heart of mine?

The silver truly may reflect My face,
Yet must I fashion it, until the grace
And fair perfection of its form I see,
As chosen vessel, consecrate to Me.
As many as I love, I thus refine.
Thou shalt be fair indeed, for thou art Mine.

I listen, and am still. I doubt no more.
All quietly I rest—the strife is o'er.
Thy chosen one! Can I resist Thy will,
Or fear to follow Thee, through joy or ill?
I may not understand the way I go,
The perfect day will come—
Then I shall know!

Small Things.

DESPISE not thou small things;
The soul that longs for wings
To soar to some great height of sacrifice, too oft
Forgets the daily round,
Where little cares abound,
And shakes off little duties while she looks aloft.

God has set some below
Who must their all forego,
And at His bidding give their loved, their best.
The lot of some, like thine,
Is small things to resign,
Yet if thou giv'st that little, then thou, too, art blest.

Thou tread'st a lowly way,
Be willing day by day
To give up little comforts at God's call;
That thou may'st ready be
To yield up cheerfully,
When He shall crave thy dearest and thine all.

Manna in the Night.

SILENTLY it fell,
Whence, no man might tell,
Like good dreams from heaven
Unto mortals given,
Like a snowy flock
Of strange sea birds alighting on a shore of rock;
Silent thus and bright,
Fell the manna in the night.

Silent thus and bright,
In our starless night,
God's sweet mercy comes
All about our homes;
Whence no man can see,
In a soft shower drifting, drifting ceaselessly,
Till the morning light,
Falls the manna in the night.

Thus His mercy's crown,
Bread of life came down,
At our doors it fell,
Whence, no man might tell,
Silent to the ground,
Softly shining thus through the darkness all around,
Snowy, pure, and white,
Fell the manna in the night.

Empty Hands.

AT dawn the call was heard,
And busy reapers stirred
Along the highway leading to the wheat.
"Wilt reap with us?" they said.
I smiled, and shook my head.
"Disturb me not," said I; "my dreams are sweet."

I sat with folded hands,
And saw across the lands
The waiting harvest shining on the hill;
I heard the reapers sing
Their songs of harvesting,
And thought to go, but dreamed and waited still.

The day at last was done,
And homeward, one by one,
The reapers went, well laden as they passed;
Theirs was no misspent day,
No long hours dreamed away
In sloth, that turns to sting the soul at last.

A reaper lingered near;
"What!" cried he; "idle here?
Where are the sheaves your hands have bound to-day?"
"Alas!" I made reply,
"I let the day pass by,
Until too late to work. I dreamed the hours away."

"Oh, foolish one!" he said,
And sadly shook his head,
"The dreaming soul is in the way of death.
The harvest soon is o'er,
Rouse up, and dream no more!
Act, for the summer fadeth like a breath.

"What if the Master came
To-night, and called your name,
Asking how many sheaves your hands had made!
If at the Lord's commands
You showed but empty hands,
Condemned, your dreaming soul would stand dismayed."

Filled with strange terror then,
Lest chance come not again,
I sought the wheat-fields while the others slept.
"Perhaps ere break of day,
The Lord will come this way,"
A voice kept saying, till, with grief, I wept.

Through all the long, still night,
Among the wheat-fields white,
I reaped and bound the sheaves of yellow grain.

I dared not pause to rest,
Such fear possessed my breast,
So for my dreams I paid the price of pain.

But when the morning broke,
And rested reapers woke,
My heart leaped up as sunrise kissed the lands,
For came He soon or late,
The Lord of the estate
Would find me bearing not the shame of empty hands

My Cup Runneth Over.

WHEREFORE drink with me, friends! It is no draught
Of red intoxication; at its brim
No vine-wreathed head of Bacchus ever laughed—
This pilgrim-cup of mine, now worn and dim
With time's rough usage; no bright bubbles swim,
Or foam beads sparkle over. Have ye quaffed
The waters clear that through green pastures glide,
Where they who love the Shepherd follow Him?
Brimmed with His peace, my soul is satisfied;
Cooled are my feverish fancies, calmed the stir
Of dreams whose end was only bitterness.
Healed at this fount our inmost ail would be,
Did we but health above disease prefer.
My cup is filled at wells whose blessedness
A world's thirst can not drain. Friends, drink with me.

Barabbas.

BARABBAS, in his prison cell,
Gazed on the heavens fair,
And saw the paschal moon ascend
In night's empurpled air.
The hours crept on; with awe and dread,
He waited for the morn,
He heard at last the soldier's tread,
And saw the bolt withdrawn.

"Barabbas," so the soldier spake,
"I bring thee news of grace,
For Christ, the man of Nazareth,
To-day shall take thy place.
Without the gate shall Jesus bear
The cross prepared for thee;
Go thou to the atoning feast!"
The man of crime went free.

Barabbas saw the darkened earth
When came the hour of noon,
And slept in peace when Jesus wept
Beneath the paschal moon.
Oh, man of sin! in thee I see
Myself redeemed by grace;
The blood-stained cross that rose for thee
Took every sinner's place.

My Morning Hymn.

"*When I awake I am still with Thee.*"—PSALM CXXXIX. 18.

O JESUS, for a touch divine
To rest upon this frame of mine!
As now I lie, an empty cup,
With vigorous life, oh, fill me up!

Touch Thou mine eyes that I may see
What Thou would'st have me do and be;
Touch Thou my lips, my feet, my hands,
That they may follow Thy commands.

Touch Thou my heart, and flaming fire
Shall burst and blaze, and life inspire,
And circle round my home below
And every moment brighter glow;

A flame to lighten like the sun,
And warm and cheer me while I run;
To do Thy will through all the day,
In even, or in roughest way:

A flame to purge the dross of sin
That chokes and cankers all within;
Oh, let it burn, dear Lord, until
The gold shall Thy desire fulfill,

And on its molten surface all
Can see Thy image clearly fall,
Reflecting in their richest grace
All the sweet beauties of Thy face.

Jesus, this waking hour appear
In all Thy glory with me here;
And make this first glad morning ray
A benediction for the day.
. . . . . .
The hour with God was passing sweet,
And life looked bright before my feet;
And all the day, as on I moved,
The precious Christ-touch on me proved.

His Ways.

HIS ways are not as our ways;
Our times are in His hand;
Our hours fall from His keeping
As fall the grains of sand.

Moment by moment falleth—
Until the glass is run,
And not a grain remaineth
To glimmer in the sun.

And then,—oh, joy supernal!
Oh, bliss no more to pass!—
To run the hours eternal,
His hand turns back the glass!

Beyond the Wall.

THE purple clusters of the fertile vine
In their rich fullness ripen and then fall,
Each globe a cup, holding its ruby wine,
Beyond the wall.

A warm, south wind dimples the waters o'er
Of the curved bay. I hear the fisher call
Unto his lad upon the quiet shore,
Beyond the wall.

The mountains glimmering in the distance gray,
Toss rosy plumes, or wear an ashen pall
Of mourning, when the sunlight fades away,
Beyond the wall.

Long vistas quiver in the misty light
With opal tints, o'er which the shadows fall;
Or sunshine laughs to see so fair a sight,
Beyond the wall.

Within my bars a single beaten track
Leads round and round; always the shadows fall
On the grim path, as I tread forth and back,
Within the wall.

Unfrequent roses sickly bud and bloom,
The mildewed fruitage hastens to its fall,
Nor love nor beauty, joy nor faith find room
Within the wall.

This narrow strip of earth and span of sky,
Press me betwixt them like a bier and pall;
The heavens are deaf, although to God I cry,
Within the wall.

But, lo! the barriers crumble 'neath my hand,
When I in anguish rise and fate forestall;
To Him who wills, as by Divine command,
There is no wall!

Ready.

I WOULD be ready, Lord,
My house in order set,
None of the work Thou gavest me
To do, unfinished yet.

I would be watching, Lord,
With lamp well trimmed and clear,
Quick to throw open wide the door
What time Thou drawest near.

I would be waiting, Lord,
Because I can not know,
If in the night or morning watch
I may be called to go.

I would be working, Lord,
Each day, each hour, for Thee,
Assured that thus I wait Thee well
Whene'er Thy coming be.

I would be living, Lord,
As ever in Thine eye;
For whoso lives the nearest Thee
The fittest is to die.

His Jewels.

WHEN the Lord makes up His jewels,
Choosing gems of every hue,

Pearls and diamonds, rubies, sapphires,
Showing flawless through and through.
Could I be the least among them,
Smallest gem that love could see,
And His eye detect the brightness,
That would be enough for me.

Precious stones are cut and polished
By the lapidary's skill,
Cruel knife and rasping friction
Work on each the Master's will.
Not until the sparkling facets
With an equal luster glow,
Does the artist choose a setting
For the gem perfected so,

Thus I wait the royal pleasure,
And when trouble comes to me
Smile to think He may be working
On the gem though small it be.
All I ask is strength to bear it,
Faith and patience to be still;
Held by Him no knife can slay me,
Loving Him, no anguish kill.

Bitter-Sweet.

LOVING words that were a pleasure,
Grown to be a pain,
Echoing back through memory's chambers,
Like a sad refrain;
Gentle words that now are laden
With the griefs of years;

Roses, with their fragrant petals
Petrified with tears;
Summer skies, with rain-drops falling,
Then a clouded noon;
Music, once of sweetest sounding,
Now gone out of tune;
Hopes that once rose high and buoyant,
Lying cold and dead;
Hearts that once had known no hunger,
Crying to be fed;
Lives that once were all harmonious,
Into discords grown;
Seeds, once meant for richer harvests,
By the wayside sown;
Ashes now, where firelight flickered,
With its cheerful glow;
Lessons learned, whose tearful conning
Only God can know.
But *He knows*, and all life's hunger—
All its tears and pain—
Are a part of His great teachings;
Nothing comes in vain.

The Waiting Ones.

THERE are some among the blessed,
Waiting, watching every day,
Peering through the misty shadows
To the clear and lighted way;
Listening in the dusky twilight,
Waiting even in the night,

'Mid the toil and heat of noonday,
Bending forward to the light.

And they speak in eager whispers,
"Can we see His chariot yet?"
"Will the Master come this evening?"
"Will the heavenly Friend forget?"
So they stand, these earnest servants,
Waiting, watching evermore
For the clouds to part asunder,
And reveal the open door.

There are dark-browed ones among them
Looking through their eyes of night;
There are fair-haired little children
Peering up with faces bright;
There are aged pilgrims, longing
For the Master's spoken word;
There are some in every country
Waiting, watching for the Lord.

But they take their daily duties,
And perform them as for Him;
And they read His loving message
When their eyes are tired and dim.
They are living lives of blessing—
Lives of love—for His dear sake,
While they wait with eager longing
For the morn of joy to break.

He will come and will not tarry;
He will fold them to His breast;
He will make His watchers happy
In a calm and holy rest;

He will give them satisfaction
For their days of waiting here,
They shall come to full fruition
When the Master shall appear.

Falling Asleep.

AH, blessed, restful night!
That stealthy flies
My weary eyes
To curtain from the light!

Clad in thy robe of gray;
Thy beauteous zone
With stars bestrown,
Is better than the day.

Hail, Queen of peaceful sleep!
Mine eyelids close,
In soft repose,
My tired senses steep.

Thank God, the merciful,
The darkness comes
Upon our homes,
To end the labor dull.

The busy care must cease,
And brain and nerve
Refuse to serve
Till strength shall have increase.

Even the trees and flowers
Would fail to grow,
Did they not know
Some respite of their powers.

May God, our Father, keep
Body and soul
In His control,
While in the arms of sleep!

Content.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

CONTENT that God's decree
Should order all for thee.
Content with sickness or with health—
Content with poverty or wealth—
Content to walk in humble guise,
And as He wills it, sink or rise.

Content to live alone
And call no place thine own.
No sweet re-unions day by day,
Thy kindred spirits far away.
And since God wills to have it so,
Thou wouldst not change for weal or woe.

Content that others rise
Before thy very eyes.
How bright their lot and portion here!
Wealth fills their coffers—friends are near.

Behold their mansions tall and fair!
The timbrel and the dance are there.

Content to toil or rest,
God's peace within thy breast—
To feel thy times are in His hand
Who holds all worlds in His command—
Thy time to laugh—thy time to sigh—
Thy time to live—thy time to die.

And is it so, indeed,
Thou art with God agreed?
Content 'mid all the ills of life?
Farewell, then, sorrow, pain, and strife!
Such high content is heaven begun.
The battle's fought, the victory won!

Guide Us To-Day.

GUIDE us to-day, O loving Care,
Shielding our dangerous way.
The white mist binds the sky o'erhead,
The gulf beside is deep and dread,
Our course a maze, our path a thread.
Guide us, Love's dearest care;
Guide us this day.

Guide us to-day, sweet soul of Peace,
Making men's hearts obey.
Our naked breasts bleed at a wound,
Oppression bows us to the ground,
Our hearts faint at a cruel sound.

Kind, calm, consoling Peace,
Guide us this day.

Guide us to-day, O tender Grace,
From zenith, shadows stray;
A sad, deep murmur haunts the sea;
The summer withers; and the free,
Fresh wind has sighs of mystery.
Guide us, O tender Grace;
Guide us to-day.

Guide us, Love, Peace, and Grace!
Guide us, divinest Light!
Through all our work and care and woe,
Through all the dizzy joys we know,
Through that "Dark Valley" where we go,
Guide us, Love's dearest light,
To-day, to-night.

Life Lessons.

WHO loses self in brotherhood,
Forth-giving ever gathers good;
And who for truth or right would die,
In falling gains the victory.

The spirit wrought to noble aim,
The thought that sets the mind aflame,
The faith that wins in deadly fight—
Forgetting self, have greatest might.

So wisdom centers at the heart
Like subtle sense that every part

Moves unperceived in perfect health;
And knowledge thrives in larger wealth.

But chiefest to the soul perplext—
By doubt or wayward evil vext—
Oppressed with woes or worn with strife,
This whisper opes the gates of life:

Not what thou art, but what He is
In whom thou livest, makes thy bliss;
Count self and all its searching loss
Before this wisdom of the Cross.

My Thanksgiving.

WHILE through the land the faithful and believing
In grateful suppliance bow,
And all the air is vocal with thanksgiving,
My soul, what givest thou?

Oh, looking in remembrance down the reaches
Of years my feet have trod,
Not one hath lack, not one but surely teaches
The providence of God.

Still hath the manna gathered ere my fasting,
And still the stream hath gushed
From desert-rock, at whose delightful tasting
My murmurs have been hushed.

Aye! not alone the wants this life inherits
Have been to me supplied,
For higher needs, through Christ's uncounted merits,
Have been well satisfied.

Of this fair earth I own no teeming acre;
Yet am I often led
In fields of peace, and made to be partaker
Of heavenly good instead.

Through vales where falls the sunlight of God's glory
In tender mood I roam;
Or from the mount of promise read the story
Of love and rest and home.

No mansion fair is mine; yet is my dwelling
All beautiful and wide,
And joy within my heart is ever swelling
Since I with Christ abide.

And so, though I possess no crowded coffer,
Content, best wealth, is mine;
And my thanksgiving, Lord, to Thee I offer
For riches so divine.

"Who shall Roll Away the Stone?"

MARK xiv. 3, 4.

THAT which weeping ones were saying
Eighteen hundred years ago,
We, the same weak faith betraying,
Say in our sad hours of woe.

Looking at some trouble lying
In the dark and dread unknown,
We, too, often ask with sighing:
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
When they might from care be free,
And, in joyous song out-gushing,
Rise in rapture, Lord, to Thee.
For, before the day was ended,
Oft we've had with joy to own,
Angels have from heav'n descended,
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us
Never pours on us its rain;
Many a grief we see before us
Never comes to cause us pain.
Ofttimes in the feared "to-morrow"
Sunshine comes—the cloud has flown!
Ask not then in foolish sorrow:
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness;
Make a wiser, better choice;
Drink the wine of life with gladness;
God doth bid the man: "Rejoice!"
In to-day's bright sunlight basking
Leave to-morrow's cares alone;
Spoil not present joys by asking:
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

The Cry of the Weary.

O LIGHT of light, shine in!
Cast out this night of sin;
Create true day within;
O Light of light, shine in!

O Joy of joys, come in!
End Thou this grief of sin;
Create calm peace within;
O Joy of joys, come in!

O Life of life, pour in!
Expel this death of sin;
Awake true life within;
O Life of life, pour in!

O Love of love, flow in!
This hateful root of sin
Pluck up, destroy within;
O Love of love, flow in!

O Heaven of heavens, descend!
This cloudy curtain rend,
And all earth's turmoil end!
O Heaven of heavens, descend!

Prayer Against Doubt.

"*Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.*"—MARK ix. 24.

LORD, take away my doubts, the deepest source
Of all upspringing restlessness and strife.

I would not doubt God rules with tender force
  The tidal waves that toss man's fragile life
That seems near wrecking on a dangerous reef;
Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

I would not doubt; God hears and answers prayer,
  Though strong men, good and wise, are borne away,
And they live on whose lives we well could spare,
  Bringing to us, and to themselves, each day
An added weight to an o'erburdened grief;
Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

I would not doubt; God bends a watchful eye,
  And looks with pity on man's sufferings;
That His quick ear notes the unnoticed sigh;
  Or that His flail of tribulation brings
Good grains of wheat from sorrow's well-filled sheaf,
Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

Oh, question not the cause of good or ill,
  For querulous distrust brings danger near;
But hush thy heart, and lose thy restless will
  In that all-perfect love that casts out fear;
Still urging this, of all thy prayers the chief,
Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.

The Tree God Plants.

THE wind that blows can never kill
  The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best.

The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good-will
Meets all its wants.

There is no frost hath power to blight
The tree God shields;
The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
And when spring comes it surely knows,
And every bud to blossom grows.
The tree God shields
Grows on apace by day and night,
Till sweet to taste and fair to sight,
Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm hath power to blast
The tree God knows;
No thunderbolt, nor beating rain,
Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane—
When they are spent it doth remain.
The tree God knows
Through every tempest standeth fast,
And from its first day to its last,
Still fairer grows.

If in the soul's still garden-place
A seed God sows—
A little seed—it soon will grow,
And far and near all men will know
For heavenly lands He bids it blow.
A seed God sows,
And up it springs by day and night;
Through life, through death it groweth right,
Forever grows.

"Whatsoever."

MATT. xxi. 22. JOHN xv. 7.

I HUNGERED for the living bread,
I opened where the feast was spread;
And, hungering more and thirsting still,
I grasped the "Whosoever will."

My heart exulted, for my name
Could "Whosoever" surely claim;
And following where the leading drew,
It touched the "Whatsoever" too.

"Ask what ye will!" I knelt and wept,
My heart a burden long had kept,
And for my want so deep and sore,
Pleaded the promise o'er and o'er.

"Ask what ye will." Alas, for this!
I pleaded but to ask amiss:
A gift I craved for self to take,
Nor asked it all for Jesus' sake.

"Ask, and, believing, ye receive."
Alas! I did but half believe;
For doubt was whispering to my heart
With treach'rous and subversive art:

"If ye shall in my love abide
Your asking ne'er shall be denied."
I looked into my soul to see
If so His words did bide in me.

Alas! and thrice alas! I saw
Self warring there with love's sweet law;
For while I asked for heaven within,
My bosom hid a secret sin.

"Ask what ye will, but ask Him, still,
Wait gladly on the Father's will;
Then shall thy 'Whatsoever' be
But His best chosen gifts for thee."

Dear Lord, I can not rightly plead,
Save as Thou dost my asking lead;
Nor even reach Thy gifts to take,
But as Thou giv'st for Jesus' sake.

The Refiner.

'TIS sweet to think that He who tries
The silver, takes His seat
Beside the fire which purifies,
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal, too, destroy.

'Tis good to think how well He knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal through which it goes;
And that with skill and care
He'll take it from the fire when fit,
With His own hands to polish it.

'Tis blessedness to know that He
The piece He has begun

Will not forsake till He can see
The gracious work well done—
An image by its brightness shown,
The perfect likeness of His own.

But, ah! how much of earthly mold,
Dark relics of the mine,
Lost from the ore, must He behold!
How long must He refine,
Ere, in the silver, He can trace
The faint resemblance of His face!

Thou great Refiner! sit Thou by
Thy purpose to fulfill;
Moved by Thine hand, beneath Thine eye,
And melted at Thy will.
Oh! may Thy work forever shine,
Reflecting beauty pure as Thine.

I, too, have Suffered.

I, TOO, have suffered, yet I know
God's way is best;
And I am blest,
Since He sees fit to have it so.

My heart was wrung with keenest pain;
But in my grief
God gave relief;
I found in loss my richest gain.

My heart grew weary, faint, and sad;
God gave me grace
For every place,
And I grew strong and almost glad.

My friends grew cold. I was alone;
Then God drew near,
Dispelled each fear,
And counted me among His own.

The path of life seemed very long;
God is my guide,
And by my side
Walks one whose arm is very strong.

God's way is best. His will be done,
His will divine
Be ever mine,
Until my crown of life is won.

At the Cross.

BEFORE Thy cross, dear Lord, I fall;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
O Friend and Helper, one and all!

Oh, dearest Lord, Thy tender eye
Rebukes, yet pities my lone cry,
When staggering 'neath my cross I lie.

Poor human heart, with human needs,
How many are its broken reeds,
Grasped till the hand in torture bleeds!

How many gourds have felt the blight!
How many stars have lost their light!
How many suns gone down in night!

All, all are gone like barks at sea,
Lost in the dread immensity;
And now I stand alone with Thee.

All prostrate at Thy cross I kneel,
For Thou canst all our sorrows feel,
And Thy dear hand our wounds can heal.

No more I mark the dreary road
My bleeding feet so long have trod,—
Content to be alone with God.

"We have Found Him."

"WE have found Him"—sign of mercy
To the trembling sinner made;
As the Babe we first beheld Him,
Lowly in a manger laid.
Well may angels gaze adoring,
But a Child is born for me,
Unto us a Son is given;
Fellow-sinners, come and see.

—ISAIAH ix. 6.

"We have found Him"—in the temple,
As becomes the Holy Child,
In the midst of Jewish doctors,
Questioning in accents mild.
Well may they, in deep amazement,
Ponder who this Child can be—
Strong in spirit, filled with wisdom;
Fellow-sinners, come and see.

—LUKE ii. 26–30, 40–47.

"We have found Him"—in the water,
Coming unto Jordan's wave,
Taking thus a place among them
Whom He came to seek and save.
Well may John inquire in wonder:
"Lord, why comest Thou to me?"
Lo! the very heavens open;
Fellow-sinners, come and see.

—LUKE iii. 21, 22.

"We have found Him"—in the desert,
Fasting lonely, tempted, weak;
As the Son of man, we hear Him
With the subtle tempter speak.
Well may Satan, thrice defeated,
From the second Adam flee—
Jesus answers: "It is written;"
Fellow-sinners, come and see.

—MATTHEW iv.

"We have found Him"—by the way-side,
Seated, weary, at the well,
That to her who came for water
He might God's salvation tell.

Well may she, in eager gladness,
Haste to urge her earnest plea,
Is not this the Christ, my Saviour?—
Fellow-sinners, come and see.
—JOHN iv. 4–12.

We have found Him"—in the garden;
Tread we here with unshod feet;
For the very ground is holy,
'Tis a blood-stained mercy-seat.
Earth no longer hath its Eden,
But in sad Gethsemane
Man may find the gate to heaven;
Fellow-sinners, come and see.
—LUKE xxii. 1.

"We have found Him"—God incarnate!
From the manger to the Cross,
Through a world of sin and sadness;
Bearing shame, reproach, and loss;
Ever loving, serving, healing,
Till they nailed Thee to the tree,
Thee, the Lamb of God's providing;
Fellow-sinners, come and see.
—JOHN i. 29.

"We have found Him"—He is risen!
Mary clasps His pierced feet;
And disciples, as they journey,
Find His words exceeding sweet.
Forty days the faithful Shepherd
With His scattered flock will be,
Comforting, restoring, teaching;
Fellow-sinners, come and see.
—JOHN xx.

"We have found Him"—in the glory
Of the Majesty on high;
Looking steadfastly to heaven,
Faith may still behold Him nigh,
Where the blood of sprinkling speaketh
On the mercy-seat for me,
There it is I find my Saviour;
Fellow-sinners, come and see.

—Acts vii. 55, 56; Heb. ii. 9; Ex. xxv. 17–22; Heb. iv. 14, 16; x. 19–21; John xiv. 6.

The Lord our Helper.

JESUS, I need Thy strength,
I am so frail, so weak;
Oh, listen to my prayer,
And grant the help I seek!

I can not stand alone,
I can not walk aright,
Unless Thou hold my hand
And aid me with Thy might.

Oh, guard me with Thine arm
In peril or in pain,
And when temptation tries,
O Lord, do Thou sustain.

Help me in all things, Lord,
Gentle and kind to be,
And let me grow each day
More and still more like Thee.

Oh, make me patient, Lord—
Patient in daily cares;
Keep me from thoughtless words
That slip out unawares.

And help me, Lord, I pray,
Still nearer Thee to live;
And as I journey on,
More of Thy presence give.

Precious and Forever.

Precious Faith.	2 Pet. i. 1.	Life.
Precious Blood.	1 Pet. i. 19.	Rest.
Precious Promises.	2 Pet. i. 4.	Wealth.
He is Precious.	1 Pet. ii. 7.	Joy.

JESUS,
Sweetly looking unto Thee;
This is precious faith to me;
This is life indeed,
O Jesus,
Precious and forever.
Singing, toiling through the night,
Help me, lead me ever;
Till my faith is lost in sight,
Precious and forever.

Jesus,
Rest I in the cleansing flood
Of Thy ever-precious blood;
This is rest indeed,
O Jesus,

Precious and forever.
Peace of God, what peace like this,
Calm as Eden's river;
Fortaste of the heavenly bliss,
Precious and forever.

Jesus,
All with Thee I now possess
In Thy precious promises;
This is wealth indeed,
O Jesus,
Precious and forever.
What are earthly charms to me?
They shall lure me never!
All I want I find in Thee,
Precious and forever.

Jesus,
Sweetly singing o'er and o'er
Precious Jesus, evermore;
This is joy indeed,
O Jesus,
Precious and forever.
Nearer, all my heart to fill,
O Thou glorious giver;
Nearer, dearer, sweeter still,
Precious and forever.

The Place of Mercy.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;

A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain:
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that were almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion,
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error.

Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not hope was near me;
I cried, oh, save me, Lord, from death!
Immortal Jesus, hear me!
Then quick as thought I felt Him mine;
My Saviour stood before me:
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted glory! glory!

Oh, sacred hour, oh, hallowed spot,
Where love divine first found me!
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart will linger round Thee;
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
Where I was first forgiven.

Divine Peace.

PEACE upon peace, like wave on wave,
This the portion that I crave;
The peace of God which passeth thought,
The peace of Christ which changeth not.

Peace like the river's gentle flow,
Peace like the morning's silent glow,
From day to day, in love supplied,
An endless and unebbing tide.

Peace flowing on, without decrease,
From Him who is our joy and peace,
Who, by His reconciling blood,
Hath made the sinner's peace with God.

Peace through the night and through the day,
Peace through all windings of our way,
In pain and toil and weariness,
A deep and everlasting peace.

O King of peace, this peace bestow
Upon a stranger here below;
O God of peace, Thy peace impart
To every troubled, trembling heart.

Peace from the Father and the Son,
Peace from the Spirit, all His own;
Peace that shall never more be lost,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Fulfilled.

DARK was the night;
Tossed into fury waves were rolling high;
No light
Of moon or star within the midnight sky.
God spoke, the mariner to cheer,
"Lo, I am here,
And I will guide thee ever with mine eye."

A scorching sun
Blazed overhead, the sand was hot beneath;
And one
Walked o'er the desert, breathed its fiery breath.
But hark! the pilgrim soul to cheer,
"Lo, I am here,
And I will be thy shade," Jehovah saith.

The battle raged
Around, before, behind, on every side;
Fierce waged
The conflict was, deep ran the crimson tide;
God spoke, the soldier's heart to cheer,
"Lo, I am here,
And I will be thy buckler true and tried."

A crushing load
Was given to a human heart to bear;
The road
Was rugged, and the very fields were bare;
God spoke, the troubled one to cheer,
"Lo, I am here,
This heavy burden I will help thee bear."

Unpardoned sin
Kept in a wild turmoil an anxious breast;
Within,
As yet, had entered not the Heavenly Guest;
God spoke, the weary one to cheer,
"Lo, I am here,
Come unto me and I will give you rest."

"Be Not Afraid."

"BE not afraid," I seem to hear
The loving Saviour say;
My love can still the tossing waves
That fret thee on thy way.
Look up to Me:
I'll send to thee
My love for aye and aye.

"Be not afraid," for thou art Mine.
My sheep I ne'er forsake;
But bring them to the living springs,
So they may grace partake.
My life I gave
For thee, to save,
So, heart, good courage take.

"Be not afraid," I've done it all;
'Twas finished when I died.
Thou canst not touch Me, but I am
Forever at thy side.
Still cling to Me;
I'll comfort thee,
And calm life's troubled tide.

"Be not afraid," My hand shall guide
Thy feet in pleasant ways.
My love will cheer thee, doubting heart,
And warm thee with its rays.
Oh, heart! entwine
Thy love in Mine,
And peace will fold thy ways.

Trusting in Him.

I COME, I rest beneath
The shadow of His wing,
That I may know
How good it is
Here to abide;
How safe its sheltering!

I lean against the cross
When fainting by the way;
It bears my weight,
It holds me up,
It cheers my soul,
It turns my night to day!

I clasp the outstretched hand
Of my delivering Lord;
Unto His arm
I lean myself—
His arm divine—
It doth me help afford!

I hear the gracious words
He speaketh to my soul!
They whisper rest,
They banish fear,
They say, "Be strong,"
They make my spirit whole!

I look and live and move;
I listen to the voice
Saying to me
That God is love,
That God is light:
I listen, and rejoice!

My Lord's Choice.

THIS work, dear Lord, is not the work
I asked, or sought, or meant to do;
I thought to turn my busy hands
Where heart and taste would follow too.

But such sweet task, dear heavenly Lord,
Thou hast removed beyond my hand,
And set me one so different,
That, shrinking and amazed, I stand.

Oh, grant me grace, lest in my grief
My hands hang listless at my side,
Refusing Thee their patient toil,
Because their choice has been denied.

Grace, that my heaven-appointed task
  The cheerful, tireless care may meet
Which my self-chosen task had met,
  Hadst Thou but set that duty sweet.

I can not cease to long for it:
  But I can hold to my great will—
My longings subject, while I bend
  My strange task faithfully to fill.

Not feeling that I have no choice,
  But willing that my Lord should choose;
So glad of any work for Him,
  That in His will, my will I lose.

The Christian Traveler.

WITH wondering eyes, the traveler oft
  Reviews his backward way;
The weary miles his aching feet
  Have traversed through the day:

And, ere his eyes are closed in sleep,
  Looks forward at the road
Which, with perchance as much of pain,
  To-morrow must be trod.

Yet, strengthened by a night of rest,
  As soon as morning breaks,
With hope renewed, and faith confirmed,
  His pilgrim staff he takes.

And if the road be long and rough,
The pathway wild and dim,
Remembers, with a thankful heart,
Night bringeth rest to him.

And if, alas! his share of bread
Is bitter in Life's Inn,
And every upward, onward step,
Costs toil and tears to win;

Yet even when the Wine of Life
Seems running to the lees,
New fountains open, which he drinks,
Perchance on bended knees.

And if his burden seems too great,
He knows his Father's care
Will never make the noontide heat
Too great for him to bear.

God watches every step he takes,
With love serene and deep;
And when the work of life is o'er
"Gives His Beloved Sleep!"

Trust.

CONSIDER, were it filial in a child
To speak in this wise: "Father, though I know
How strong your love is, having proved it so
Since my first breath was drawn; and though you've piled

Your stores with anxious care, that has beguiled
You oft of rest, that thus you might bestow
Blessings upon me when your head lies low,
et in my heart are doubts unreconciled.
To-morrow, when I hunger, can I be
Sure that for bread you will not give a clod,
Letting me starve the while you hold in fee
(O'erlooking lesser needs) the acres broad
Won for me through your ceaseless toil?" Yet *we*
In just such fashion dare to doubt of God!

Song of the Rootlets.

DOWN in the ground so busy,
Little roots at work;
All of them in a hurry,
Toiling in the dark.

List to their low, deep murmur,
While they work they sing,
"Gone are the feasts of winter,
Sunshine now of spring.

"Down in the ground so busy,
Sucking juices up;
By and by, in a hurry,
Flowers will we push up—

"Snowdrop, crocus, and lily,
Where the sunshine lies;
Tulips, flashing so gayly,
Brightening to the eyes.

"Hidden away in darkness,
Working out of sight;
Yet tasks have we of gladness
Bringing flowers to light.

"Down in the ground so busy,
Little things are we;
But work of ours is mighty,
Over plant and tree.

"Lightly, please, tread over us,
Do not spurn, despise;
Lovingly, please, think of us,
Covered from your eyes.

"Soon, we lift to your wonder
Forms of beauty rare;
Soon, from our hands surrender
Fragrance to the air."

Ah, little roots, ye teach me
Lessons of the light;
Never to fret, be weary,
Working out of sight.

Patience and courage ever,
Singing at my task;
For this, O Heavenly Father,
Humbly now I ask.

"The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet."

UPON the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful after-glow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern:
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

Christ at the Door.

"*Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*"—REV. iii. 2.

"WHO knocks so loud upon my heart?
Jesus, and can it be
That Thou art come, exalted One,
To sup with sinful me?

"How dare I open to Thee, Lord,
A hand so stained with sin—
Impure, unholy, all unfit
For Thee to enter in?"

"Open, My child; My bleeding hands
Have knocked upon thy door,
And left their own Passover mark;
Open, and sin no more."

"But, Lord, upon my black'ning hearth
The flames of love expire,
No fuel doth my heart supply
To feed the heavenly fire."

"Open, My child; My arms are full
Of fuel for thy fire;
It is My cross—the flame it lights
Shall nevermore expire."

"But, Master, Thou art come to sup,
And, lo! my table's bare;
No fruit have I, my garden grows
But weed and brier and tare."

"Open, My child; though I have come
To sup with thee, yet I
Of all the food thy soul can need
Have brought a rich supply.

"The bread of life, the wine of joy,
The milk, the honey sweet,
And every fruit the Spirit yields—
Open, My child, and eat."

"Come in, come in, Thou blessed One!
Who could resist such grace?
Or ever doubt or fear again
Who once has seen Thy face!"

Questioning.

IF I should happen to die to-night,
Ere the rise of another sun,
With so many things unfinished,
And so many just begun,
I wonder if I could say, "O
Father, Thy will be done!"

I feel that my eyes are blinded;
I look, but I can not see;
The world is as dark and dreary
As another Gethsemane;
And the face of the Elder Brother
Is hidden away from me.

Sometimes in the hush of midnight,
When the hours are drifting slow,
I waken to ask the question
I'm longing so much to know—
If I could be glad and willing,
And happy—happy to go.

I watch—I long for the dawning
To creep o'er the darkened land:
And I try to learn the lesson
Of waiting with folded hand;

For I know, though the threads are tangled,
There is One who will understand.

Ups and Downs.

LIFE is full of ups and downs—
Valleys, plains, and mountains,
Not forever are our tents
Pitched by pleasant fountains.
Sometimes in the burning sun,
Sometimes in the shadow;
Now we climb the rocky steep,
Now we thread the meadow.

Life is full of ups and downs—
Made of gains and losses.
Flowers that grow on prickly stems,
Crowns that hang on crosses.
Summer breezes fan our cheeks
Wintry blasts affright us;
And when snow's white mantle rends,
Spring's fair sights delight us.

Murmur not at ups and downs,
They are needful changes;
He can never err in aught
Who thy lot arranges.
Seek not as the highest good
Thy content and pleasure:
Wings have they to fly thee still—
Seek a better treasure.

Wouldst thou make life's ups and downs
  Easier seem and brighter,
Share thy fellows' heavy load—
  Thine shall be the lighter.
Smooth the pillows of the sick,
  Sweet shall be thy slumber;
Will to bless shall bring to thee
  Blessings without number.

Who would dread these ups and downs
  Since they bring us nearer
To the outer wall of life,
  Where the light grows clearer?
Nearer to the heart of Him
  Who, with gentle guiding,
Leads through all life's weary ways,
  Into peace abiding?

Love can take from ups and downs
  All the pain and trouble;
For the joy we give away
  Comes back more than double;
Love to Christ and love to man,
  And a heart forgiven,
Make the ups and downs of life
  Just a path to heaven.

Moods.

LORD, in Thy sky of blue
  No stain of cloud appears;
Gone all my faithless fears;
Only Thy *love* seems true!

Help me to thank Thee, then, I pray,
Walk in the light, and cheerfully obey!

Lord, when I look on high,
Clouds only meet my sight,
Fears deepen with the night—
Yet still it is *Thy* sky!
Help me to trust Thee, then, I pray,
Wait in the dark, and tearfully obey!

Anywhere with Jesus.

MATT. viii. 19.

ANYWHERE with Jesus, says the Christian heart;
Let Him take me where He will, so we do not part;
Always sitting at His feet, there's no cause for fears;
Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears.

Anywhere with Jesus, though He leadeth me
Where the path is rough and long, where the dangers be;
Though He taketh from me all I love below,
Anywhere with Jesus will I gladly go.

Anywhere with Jesus, in the summer heat,
Anywhere with Jesus, through the winter sleet,
Anywhere with Jesus, when the bright sun shines;
Anywhere with Jesus, when the day declines.

Anywhere with Jesus, though He please to bring
Into fires the fiercest, into suffering;

Though He bid me work or wait, or only bear for Him,
Anywhere with Jesus, still shall be my hymn.

Anywhere with Jesus, though it be the tomb,
With its frighting terror, with its dreaded gloom,
Though it be the weariness of a long-drawn life,
Fainting with the constant toil, drooping in the strife.

Anywhere with Jesus, for it can not be
Dreary, dark, or desolate, where He is with me;
He will love me always, every need supply,
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.

"Though I be Mourning."

2 Cor. xii. 11.

OH, to be nothing, nothing!
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken, emptied vessel,
Thus for His use made meet;
Emptied, that He may fill me
As to His service I go;
Broken, that so, unhindered,
Through me His life may flow.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing!
An arrow hid in His hand,
Or a messenger at His gateway—
Waiting for His command;

Only an instrument ready
For Him to use at His will,
And, should He not require me,
Willing to wait there still.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing!
Though painful the humbling be,
Though it lay me low in the sight of those
Who are now, perhaps, praising me.
I would rather be nothing, nothing!
That to Him be their voices raised
Who alone is the fountain of blessing,
Who alone is meet to be praised.

Yet e'en as my pleading rises,
A voice with mine seems to blend,
And whisper in loving accents,
I call thee "not servant, but friend;"
"Fellow-worker" with me, I call thee,
Sharing my sorrow and joy;
"Fellow-heir" to the glory I have above,
To treasure without alloy.

Oh, love so free, so boundless,
Which, lifting me, lays me lower
At the footstool of Jesus, my risen Lord,
To worship and adore;
Which fills me with deeper longing
To have nothing dividing my heart;
My all given up to Jesus,
Not keeping back a part.

Thine may I be! Thine only,
Till called by Thee to share

The glorious heavenly mansions
Thou art gone before to prepare;
My heart and soul are yearning
To see Thee face to face,
With unfettered tongue to praise Thee
For such heights and depths of grace.

There's Only One.

THERE'S only One on whose dear arm
We safely lay our thoughts to rest;
There's only One who knows the depth
Of sorrow in each stricken breast.

There's only One who knows the truth
Amidst this world's deceit and lies;
There's only One who views each case
With *just*, *un*selfish, candid eyes!

There's only One who marks the wish,
Nor cruelly, severely blames;
There's only One too full of love
To put aside the weakest claims.

There's only One whose pity falls
Like dew upon the wounded heart:
There's only One who never stirs,
Though enemy and friend depart.

There's only One, when none are by,
To wipe away the falling tear;
There's only One to heal the wound,
And stay the weak one's timid fear.

There's only One who's never harsh,
But tenderness itself to all;
There's only One who knows each heart;
And listens to its faintest call.

There's only One who understands
And enters into all we feel;
There's only One who views each spring
And each perplexing wheel in wheel.

There's only One who *can* support,
And who sufficient grace can give
To bear up under every grief,
And spotless in this world to live.

There's only One who will abide
When loved ones in the grave are cold;
There's only One who'll *go* with me
When this long, painful journey's told.

There's only One I'm sure will watch
O'er every dear one whom I love;
There's only One can sanctify
And bring them safe to heaven above.

O blessed Jesus! Friend of friends!
Come, hide us 'neath Thy sheltering arm,
Come down amidst this wicked world,
And keep us from its guilt and harm.

Thou art the One, the only One,
For whom no love too warm can flow;
Thou art the One, the only One,
In whom there's *perfect* rest below.

All My Life Long.

ALL my life long have my steps been attended
  Surely by one who regarded my ways;
Tenderly watched over, sweetly befriended,
  Blessings have followed my nights and my days.
Tears have been quenched in the sunshine of gladness
  Anthems of sorrow been turned into song,
Angels have guarded the gateways of sadness,
  Summer and winter—yea, all my life long!

All in the dark would I be, and uncertain
  Whither to go, but for One at my side
Who from the future removes the dim curtain,
  Seeing the glory to mortals denied.
No other friend could so patiently lead me;
  No other friend prove so faithful and strong;
With angels' food He has promised to feed me,
  Who has befriended me all my life long.

He will not weary—oh, blessed assurance!
  Infinite love will the finite outlast!
But for my Heavenly Father's endurance,
  Into the depths of despair I were cast.
This is my star in a midnight of sorrow,
  This is my refuge, my strength, and my song;
Earth is to-day, but there's heaven for to-morrow,
  And Jesus to be with me all my life long!

Take Christ on Board thy Little Ship.

TAKE Christ on board thy little ship!
Trust thou in Him alone.
Push from the shore, fear not the waves
That break with sullen moan.
Although thy vessel trembles sore
With angry tossing, more and more,
Still, though the waters raging be
And do increase,
Yet be at peace,
For Christ is with thee on the sea!

If 'midst the howling of the storm
Thou canst not hold the helm,
Have courage, for He will not let
The waves thee overwhelm.
Yet though the waves surge very high,
The thunder roll, the lightning fly,
Thy ship in safety on will sail,
Up-heaving crest
Will be at rest
When Christ is with thee in the gale!

Awake, awake! be watching aye,
Hope, trust in Him and pray;
And Christ, the Lord, in His good time
The tempest will allay.
The storm is silent at His voice,
Therefore, oh, timid child, rejoice!
The wildest, loudest waves will cease
At His command;
And in His hand
He holds the rainbow of our peace!

In Darkness.

LORD God! I know no fear
Of life's great trials or its little crosses;
I do not fear affliction or the grave;
I murmur not though shadows, pains, and losses
Mark out the track along the crested wave,
Of one whom Thou wouldst save.

Oh, no! I feel no dread,
Although the tempter spend his vain endeavor
To fright my timid, clinging soul from Thee;
I know his power to harm was crushed forever,
By that great sacrifice which sets men free,
And now will succor me.

Nor, Saviour, do I doubt;
I do not doubt Thy truth in its completeness;
I may not doubt the saintly faith of old,
Thy Spirit's guiding light and promised meekness,
For entrance to Thy shining upper fold,
And streets all paved with gold.

No, Lord, I do not doubt,
Thy promise rests upon the Rock of Ages,
And I am sure that I am in Thy way.
Thy wounded hand has traced the holy pages;
I do not doubt its comfort and its stay
Promised to me alway.

But yet the way is dark!
No cloud by day, nor fire by night is beaming;

No hand clasps mine along the weary race;
Low in the west dark clouds and lightnings gleaming,
Each after each, in heedless tumult chase;
I can not see Thy face.

Jesus, Thou art my Sun!
When Thou art shrouded, earth is tempest-riven;
Confusion, doubt, and terror hem me round,
Closed eyes and ears unto Thy words be given;
Yet still the tempter's hollow voice will sound
In echoes from the ground.

Yet, Lord, I *know* Thee near!
Faith only in these dim, uncertain hazes,
Can bind my soul in patience to the Rock;
Thine arm *is* strong and sure amid the mazes,
Even when unfelt amid the breaker's shock,
And Satan's ceaseless mock.

Lord Christ! Thy way was dark;
When Satan met Thee on the lonely mountain,
When Thou didst tread in storm the midnight sea,
Thou, who through suffering opened wide life's fountain,
And learned a perfect Saviour and High Priest to be,
Now, Jesus, succor me.

I dare not ask for light.
Peace and rejoicing sought with tears and sighing,
I would not dare to wrest from out Thine hand;
Before the Ocean's Pilot I am lying,
And He, in time, will steer my bark to land,
And anchor on its strand.

Jesus, my Saviour, hear me.
I pray, that ever trusting in Thy power,
My weary, tossed, and fainting soul may lie;
That ever closer as the shadows lower
Faith's gracious clasp may all my need supply,
And cleansing blood apply.

Jesus, the light *will* come!
How bright beyond all earthly dreams that morning,
When doubt and clouds and darkness flee away;
It matters not if *here* or *there* its dawning,
But seeing Thee will make it perfect day.
For that I watch and pray.

"He Knoweth the Way that I Take."

THROUGH the wearisome hours of a sorrowful night
I have prayed for the morning to break;
Till there came—not the morn—but this broad beam of light:
"He knoweth the way that I take."
"He knoweth the way!" and the way is His own,
And I take it with Him—not alone, not alone!

When, "faint with the burden and heat of the day,"
I have longed for the night to o'ertake,
I am rested and soothed as I trustingly say,
"He knoweth the way that I take."
"He knoweth!" though toilsome, the way is His own,
And I take it with Him—not alone, not alone!

The road may be tangled, and thorny, and rough—
  So rough that all others forsake
And leave me discouraged; but, ah, 'tis enough!
  "He knoweth the way that I take."
"He knoweth!" though lonely, the way is His own,
And I take it with Him—not alone, not alone!

And so, as I journey through darkness and light
  Till the valley's dark shades overtake,
And the city of rest lifts its towers on my sight,
  "He knoweth the way that I take."
"He knoweth the way!" and the way is His own,
And I take it with Him—not alone, not alone!

To Will and to Do of His Good Pleasure.

A LOVING heart to read His will
  E'er its demanding,
A nimble foot to speed it still
  E'er its commanding.

A strong right arm to help the weak
  His power to aid us,
A chastened will to keep us meek
  Lest He upbraid us.

A hand to portion to the poor
  Unstinted measure,
A patient spirit to endure
  Of His good pleasure.

An ear to catch the feeble cry
Of hearts that languish,
A soul of pity that shall fly
To assuage their anguish.

A lip wreathed o'er with hope and love,
Calm trust revealing,
An eye raised to our home above,
Heaven's lustre stealing.

A supple knee before His throne,
Oft to come bending,
A voice of praise His love to own,
World without ending.

These gifts with longing hearts we crave,
Faith's blest fruition,
Lord, who canst sanctify and save,
Hear our petition!

"Pour on, I will Endure."

SPRING hath its flowers, its hour of bloom,
Its balmy air of odorous sigh;
Awhile they shed their sweet perfume—
A little while—and fade, and die;
And when, as e'er, such hour hath fled,
And wintry storms the sky obscure,
When raged the tempest, still I've said:
"Pour on, I will endure."

Youth hath its pleasure—brightly beam
On fancy's eye life's flowery ways;
And love and hope, with fairy gleam,
Enchantment throw o'er distant days;
Yet have I seen those prospects fade,
Though youth had deemed the promise sure,
And 'midst the wreck of feeling said:
"Pour on, I will endure."

Man may be happy—I have known
When pleasure's cup I freely quaffed;
When joy's bright sunshine round me shone—
Untasted sorrow's bitter draught;
But deadly persecution sped
Her poisonous shafts, with aim too sure;
My heart had withered; yet I said:
"Pour on, I will endure."

Life is a shadow; soon the sun
That casts it to the earth shall set,
And man, a few brief glasses run,
His joys and sorrows shall forget;
Yet there is hope, when life has fled,
Of blissful realms and pleasures pure,
And in that hope, through life I've said:
"Pour on, I will endure."

Martha or Mary?

I CAN not choose; I should have liked so much
To sit at Jesus' feet—to feel the touch
Of His kind, gentle hand upon my head,
While drinking in the gracious words He said.

And yet to serve Him!—O divine employ!—
To minister and give the Master joy,
To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet,
And wait upon Him while He sat at meat!

Worship or service—which? Ah, that is best
To which He calls me, be it toil or rest—
To labor for Him in life's busy stir,
Or seek His feet a silent worshiper.

So let Him choose for us: we are not strong
To make the choice; perhaps we should go wrong,
Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth
For loving worship—and so fail of both.

My Cross.

MY cross is heavy, Lord! I try to bow,
And meekly bear the load that seems so great;
I tremble, faint, and weakly stumble now
Beneath its fearful weight.

The flesh, unwilling, fain would shun the pain,
And strives to fling aside the chafing cross;
Failing to count the burden certain gain,
And all things else but loss.

My cross offends my pleasure-loving eyes.
When on it turns my frighted gaze attent;
It drags me down when I essay to rise,
Laden with dark portent.

With smiles and flowers I wreathe my hideous cross,
From others' sight its terrors hiding well;
And why beneath its woes I writhe and toss,
The world can never tell.

Oh, let me rest, with cross upon the ground!
Again to lift it up were far too much.
Its rugged splinters may my soft hands wound;
I grieve, I loathe to touch.

The Master speaks with low and tender voice:
"If thou wouldst truly My disciple be,
Thou must take up thy cross from loving choice,
And bear it after Me.

"Despised, rejected, weary, worn, and sad,
I gladly bore My cruel cross for thee;
Hast thou no gratitude? Art thou not glad
To lift one load for Me?

"In joy and hope thy burden place across
Thy willing shoulders. Never lay it down,
Till at Heaven's portals thou shalt change thy cross
For thy long-waiting crown."

Saviour, if I Thy crown of love may gain,
No more I reckon woful labor loss;
But take, rejoicing in the constant pain,
My hidden, hated cross.

Dear Lord, forgive my sinful, foolish fears,
And give me daily strengthening grace, I pray,
And one thing more I ask with humble tears,
Take not my cross away!

My Ship.

DOWN to the wharves, as the sun goes down,
And the daylight's tumult and dust and din
Are dying away in the busy town,
I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea,
Rosy with sunset like mellow wine,
Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly,
Many and far—but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night
Who over the bulwarks idly lean,
Noting the sails as they came in sight:
"Have you seen my beautiful ship come in?"

"Whence does she come?" they ask of me,
"Who was her master, and what her name?"
And they smile upon me pityingly
When my answer is ever and ever the same.

Oh, mine was a vessel of strength and truth,
Her sails were as white as a young lamb's fleece,
She sailed long since from the port of Youth,
Her master was Love, her name was Peace.

And like all beloved and beauteous things,
She faded in distance and doubt away,
With only a tremble of snowy wings,
She floated, swanlike, adown the bay.

Carrying with her a precious freight,
All I had gathered by years of pain;
A tempting prize to the pirate Fate,
And still I watch for her back again.

Watch from the earliest morning light,
Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying day,
To catch the gleam of her canvas white
Among the islands which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet—she will never come
To gladden my eyes and my spirit more;
And my heart grows hopeless and faint and dumb,
As I wait and wait on the lonesome shore,

Knowing that tempest and time and storm
Have wrecked and shattered my beauteous bark;
Rank seaweeds cover her wasting form,
And her sails are tattered and stained and dark.

But the tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And the daylight follows the night's eclipse,
And still with the sailors, tanned and brown,
I wait on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope,
For vain and empty it long hath been:
I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,
And watch to see if my ship comes in.

My Confidence.

I HOLD Thy truth, O Lord, within my heart;
Thy law I love;

I hold Thy cross, and try to do my part,
My faith to prove;
I hold Thy promise, Lord, and daily pray:
"My faith increase,
That I may closer cleave to Thee, the Way,
And have Thy peace."
Yet little joy my holding brings to me,
Because I know
That, though my soul still trusting clings to Thee,
I may let go.

But I am held, O Lord; Thou hast my hand,
And Thou art strong.
Throughout my journey in this desert land,
However long,
Thou givest me support. I shall not fall.
Though foes assail
And press me hard, over myself and all
I shall prevail.
Great joy Thy presence and Thy pledge afford,
Because I know
That Thou wilt not—since Thou hast given Thy word,
Of me let go.

Now I Lay me Down to Sleep.

NOW I lay me down to sleep,
As the shadows softly creep,
As the bird with folded wing,
On some tiny bough doth swing;
As the flowers, all wet with dew,
Bow themselves in slumber too,

In the stillness awful, deep,
Now I lay me down to sleep.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Still, my Lord, in safety keep;
Keep my soul till dawning day
Bids the darkness flee away;
Till the flowers with glistening cup,
Toward the lofty sun look up;
Till his beams upon me peep,
May I lay me down to sleep.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Friends and kindred 'round me weep,
But I know not want or fear,
For no darkness, Lord, is here;
All my way is lit by Thee,
Through the shade Thou leadest me,
Knowing that the Lord will keep,
May I lay me down to sleep.

The Peace of God.

O REFUGE in sorrow!
O Saviour from sin!
No storm shakes our dwelling
If Thou art within!
Our bark fears no shipwreck
If Thou art on board,—
Our King and our Helper,—
Our Brother, our Lord!

Far off did we deem Thee;
We sought Thee for years,—
Without, there were fightings,
Within, there were fears.
But now dawns the morning,
The darkness hath fled—
Unfelt, He hath held us;
Unseen, He hath led.

Oh, souls that still struggle,
That long to be blest,
The Door standeth open—
Come, enter and rest!
We preach no new gospel
But that you have heard:
This only we ask you—
Take God at His word!

One sentence we bring you
Which oft ye have read;—
Believe, when He said it
He meant what He said—
"Be careful for nothing;
In everything tell
Your trouble to Him who
Hath loved you so well."

"Be careful for *nothing!*"
In great things, in small,
That love is sufficient
Which worketh through all.
Dear Master, forgive us
Poor sinners, who dare
To limit the mercy
Which answers our prayer!

O Infinite Fullness!
What canst Thou not be
To those who, believing,
Come boldly to Thee!
No storm shakes the dwelling
When Thou art within,
O Strength for our weakness!
O Saviour from sin!

"Trust Him."

IS there some darling, cherished plan
On which thy hopes depend—
Some joy for which thy heart will yearn
Till mortal life shall end?
Is it thy one supreme desire,
The end thou wouldst attain—
The steadfast purpose of thy life,
The treasure thou wouldst gain?
Commit thy way unto the Lord,
And in His promise rest;
Trust Him, and He will bring to pass
That which He knows is best.

Thy plans, thy hopes, thy dearest joys
May fail thee, one by one;
Perplexing cares may mark the "way"
Thou choosest for thine own;
The world has often mocked thy trust,
It smiles but to deceive;
The truest hearts may faithless prove—
What, then, canst thou believe?

Rest in the Lord, and wait for Him;
His word He will not break—
"All these things will I do for thee,
Nor ever thee forsake."

A tangled way, a gloomy path
Beset with many fears;
A hidden grief that dims thine eyes
With unavailing tears;
Bring all to Him—thy life itself,
Thy whole sad troubled life;
Trust all to Him, and He will give
Rest in its toil and strife;
Thy crooked way He will make straight,
Thy darkness shall be light;
For as the blind, He leads His own
In paths both safe and right.

Submission.

I HAVE no strength to govern circumstance,
Or time or fate control;
I would be subject to my Lord and King,
The Master of my soul.

In other years I envied minds of strength,
Whose resolute, firm will
Forced adverse powers and contrary events
Their bidding to fulfill.

But now I feel it good to be controlled,
Led by a will divine.

My Master's hand is on the helm which guides
This wave-beat bark of mine.

And though the wind be fierce and contrary,
Though currents adverse roll,
A stronger Power than mine will make for me
The haven of my soul.

Twilight Musings.

AS I sit and watch the twilight
Gather dimly o'er the earth,
Driving out the cares of daylight,
All its sorrows, all its mirth,
I would fain my heart examine;
Test my actions one by one;
And endeavor to determine
Which I should have left undone.

Heavenly Father, hear Thy child,
As I bow before Thy throne;
Hear me, though by sin defiled,
Thou canst help me—Thou alone.
Give me more of love to Thee;
Draw me closer to Thy side;
Let me meeker, holier be;
Let me nearer Thee abide.

Father, Thou dost love me, well I know;
Would I loved Thee as I should;
Thou dost help me here below.
Would I served Thee as I could.

Thou dost grant me earthly pleasures,
May my joys be found in Thee;
Thou dost offer heavenly treasures,
May in heaven my treasures be.

As from me this day is passing,
Dearest Saviour, linger near,
With Thy wealth of love unceasing,
Elder Brother, stoop and hear.
Satan's weapons well Thou knowest,
Thou hast felt his cruel darts,
Thou dost feel, e'en with the lowest,
All the struggles of their hearts.

Thou hast seen this day's temptations;
All its sorrows, all its cares,
All its trials and vexations,
All the tempter's luring snares.
Thou hast seen me yielding, falling,
When temptations pressed me sore,
Now on Thee I'm humbly calling,
Never let me wander more.

Thee I've often grieved this day,
Thou for me didst live and die;
Precious Saviour, grant I may
Never more Thy love deny.
Fill my heart with purer love,
Let me live a holier life,
Make me meet for heaven above,
At the close of all the strife.

"Christian, Where Art Thou?"

BUILT on the surest foundation,
"In Christ," where's no condemnation;
Safe in His perfect salvation,
By grace I stand.

Living my life of probation,
One of Christ's own "holy nation,"
Kept in the hour of temptation,
By grace I stand.

Knowing from whence I was taken,
Never can I be forsaken,
My heart shall always awaken.
By grace I stand.

Fighting with sins most besetting;
Hating the world, and forgetting;
My love on Christ I am setting.
By grace I stand.

Why, then, should I be distressed,
My soul with sorrow oppressed?
I trust in His name, and am blessed.
By grace I stand.

Resting on Christ, He will never
His hands clasped around me dissever;
Once His, it must be forever
In Him to stand.

Waiting.

"For they shall not be ashamed that wait for me."

YES, I am waiting, Lord, and it is sweet
To rest the while close at Thy sacred feet,
Here with Thy wounded hand upon my head,
My weary soul is blest and comforted.

'Tis joy to tarry at Thy bleeding side,
Whence flows the healing, purifying tide,
My only hope, my perfect righteousness;
Yes, I will wait in this dear hiding-place.

For prone am I, my Lord, from Thee to stray,
And lose Thy presence in earth's busy way;
Yea, sometimes out on errands Thine alone,
Self rises, and I count them all my own.

So eager am I to devise and do,
And in my frantic zeal the way pursue,
That I forget I should but follow Thee;
And hurry, till Thy face I can not see.

And Thou in love dost check my foolish haste,
Take me apart into the desert waste,
And bid me pause till Thou shalt point the way,
And go before me lest again I stray.

So here beneath the shadow of Thy wing
I stay my steps, and as I wait I sing;
While peace divine through all my soul distills,
And love its blessèd, perfect work fulfills.

In this dear refuge, quieted and still,
I fold my hands and bide Thy holy will;
"Speak, for Thy servant heareth," I will say,
Ready when Thou shalt send me to obey.

Shall disappointment or dismay betide
The soul that meekly waits her Lord beside?
Ah, no! my expectation is from Him,
And shall not fail though heaven itself grow dim.

God is the Lord, who gives the soul's desire,
I bind the sacrifice and wait the fire;
They shall not be ashamed who watch and wake,
The morn of joy and glory soon shall break.

Anchored Fast.

TOSSING on the billow,
Rocking in the blast,
Sick'ning on the pillow,
Verging toward the last.
While the tempest rages,
To the Rock of Ages
I am anchored fast.

Skies all clad in sable,
Storm-clouds scudding past,
Clinging to the cable,
I am anchored fast.
While the tempest rages,
To the Rock of Ages
I am anchored fast.

Gone each earthly treasure,
Cut away each mast,
Vanished earthly pleasure,
Still I'm anchored fast.
While the tempest rages,
To the Rock of Ages
I am anchored fast.

Sorrows multiplying,
Prospects overcast,
Weeping, groaning, sighing,
Still I'm anchored fast.
While the tempest rages,
To the Rock of Ages
I am anchored fast.

Swiftly to my grave-bed
I am making haste!
Trembling 'neath the death-tread,
Still I'm anchored fast.
While the tempest rages,
To the Rock of Ages
I am anchored fast.

Peace as a River.

"O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments, then had thy peace been as a river."

I LOOK on a river whose beautiful stream
Unceasingly rolls to the sea;
Deep blue in the sunshine its calm waters flow,
And its course is triumphant and free.

I see the long swell of its on-going waves,
  I hear their soft wash on the shore;
And it seems, as I listen, as though unto me
  Sweet teachings of heaven they bore.

The trees that lean, listening, over its edge,
  Dip their mantles of green in its side;
The swallow skims swiftly and silently by
  To cool his warm wing in its tide.

The grim cliffs may threaten, the tempests may come,
  It stays not to parley with foes;
But onward, still onward, it floweth in peace,
  And blesses the land as it flows.

Oh, river, the storms can not hinder thy course,
  Though haply they ruffle thy breast;
Away from their fury thou keepest, below,
  Thy volume of waters at rest!

Thy bright billows catch the last gleam of day,
  The first trembling starlight at even;
For though shadows of earth on thy border may play
  Thy bosom still images heaven.

O Thou from whom peace, as its fount, freely flows,
  Saviour, give me this rest of the heart,
Full, mighty, unshaken by trial or pain,
  A peace that will never depart!

Sabbath Rest.

SABBATH of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest,
I with thoughts of Thee would seek
To sanctify the closing week.

Resting from His work, the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowed Word,
And His wondrous labors done,
Now the Everlasting Son
Gave to heaven and earth a sign
Of a wonder more divine.

Resting from His work, to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen,
Watching long, the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend;

Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure, embalmèd cell
None but Thou may'st ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
Pure affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around,
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Consecration Hymn.

"*Yea, let Him take all.*"—2 SAM. xix. 30.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart; it *is* Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

Retrospection.

BEFORE my feet, untrodden lies
The new-born year;
And in my heart dread thoughts arise,
And doubt, and fear.

I shrink and tremble as I stand,
For, looking back,
I see great chasms on either hand,
Along the track.

I see the jagged rocks whereon
I stumbled so:
I mark the spot, where further on
I loathed to go.

And here, the darkness fell, and lay
So thick around,
I, crouching, had to grope my way
Along the ground.

And there, one night, a stranger stayed
To lodge with me;
I asked him not whither he strayed,
Nor whence came he;

But ere the dawning of the morn,
Unseen he fled:
Dismayed I stood, weeping, forlorn,
Beside my dead.

"Fear not!" a voice methinks I hear
These words repeat:
"Fear not the way! for I am near
To guide thy feet.

"Where I have led thee doubt not this,—
'Twas best to go:
Not all his Father's purposes,
The child may know.

"Tho' thou hast stumbled in the past,
Thou didst not fall;
Meet succor came, both free and fast,
When thou didst call.

"And he whose stay thou dost lament
To me is known;
I bade him bear the jewel lent,
Back to my throne."

Dear Lord, it is Thy voice divine
That bids me go:
I lay my trembling hand in Thine,
And face each foe.

With Thee, into the opening year
I bravely tread;
My wandering feet shall know no fear—
Divinely led.

Evening Hymn.

THE last ray of the setting sun
Melts gently from our sight,
The evening shadows slowly fade
Into the gloom of night.

O Lord, preserve us while we sleep,
Let peaceful rest be ours;
Forgive the wayward steps we've trod,
Through all the sunny hours.

The day was bright and all seemed fair,
Our hearts with pride we raised,
On earthly things intent we lived,
Nor once toward heaven gazed.

But all our bright dreams quickly fade
As daylight melts away,
And now, when shades of evening fall,
Low, on our knees, we pray:

Dear Saviour, keep us by Thy grace,
And let us not, we pray,
Pass through the day-time of our life,
As we have lived this day.

But when temptation's fiercest heat
Beats down on every soul,
Do thou between us and its blaze
Thy clouds of mercy roll.

From all the perils of the night,
O Lord, Thy servants keep,
And let Thy holy angels watch
Around us while we sleep.

Oh, grant us then, when life is o'er,
And death's dark night we see,
That we may close our eyes in peace,
And rest, O Lord, in Thee!

Driven to Faith.

LIFE presses me with questioning,
Dear Lord, few answers can I bring;
I only know that Thou art King.
Need I know more?

The tempter and the world combine
To puzzle me with things divine;
I only know that I am Thine.
Need I know more?

My head and heart together try
To settle matters far too high;
Bewildered, to Thy cross I fly.
Can I do more?

I know myself all sin and shame;
I find all grace in Thy dear name;
I'll trust where I can not explain.
Thou knowest all!

"All Members have not the Same Office."

ROMANS xii. 4.

I COULD not do the work the reapers did,
Or bind the golden sheaves that thickly fell;
But I could follow by the Master's side,
And watch the marred face I loved so well.
Right in my path lay many a ripened ear,
Which I would stoop and gather joyfully:
I did know the Master placed them there—
"Handfuls of purpose" that He left for me.

I could not cast the heavy fisher net,
I had not strength or wisdom for the task;
So on the sunlit sands, with spray drops wet,
I sat, and earnest prayers rose thick and fast.

I pleaded for the Master's blessing where
My brethren toiled upon the wide world sea,
Or ever that I knew, His smile so fair
Came, shedding all its radiancy on me.

I could not join the glorious soldier band,
I never heard the ringing battle-cry;
The work allotted by the Master's hand
Kept me at home while others went to die.
And yet, when victory crowned the struggle long,
And spoils were homeward brought both rich and rare,
He let me help to chant the triumph song,
And bade me in the gold and jewels share.

O Master dear! the tiniest work for Thee
Finds recompense beyond our highest thought;
And feeble hands that worked but tremblingly,
The richest colors in the fabric wrought.
We are content to take what Thou shalt give,
To work or suffer as Thy choice shall be;
Forsaking what Thy wisdom bids us leave,
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee!

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